

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

## AND

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#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

**Reuben Apsley.** By the Author of Brambletye House, the Tor Hill, &c. 3 vols. London, 1827. Colburn.

MR. HORACE SMITH, in pursuing his series of novels connected with, rather than founded on, historical events, has here unfolded a scene such as might have been acted about the end of the reign of James II. In it the rebellion of Monmouth forms a distinguished feature; and many of the situations in which the characters are placed depend on that enterprise, and the consequent unsettled and troubled state of the times.

Goldingham, a rich merchant, having purchased an estate bearing his own name, in Dorsetshire, near Lyme, retires to the country with his nephew, Reuben Apsley, and they become acquainted with the various surrounding families of Lord Trevanion, a high Tory—Squire Hatfield, a determined sportsman—Lady Crockett and Mrs. Chatsworth, two female gossips—Nick Chalmers, a worthless gambler—Sir Harcourt Slingsby, a consummate scoundrel—Sir Ambrose Jessop, an irresolute man—others of their kind and kindred—daughters, sisters, sons, and brothers. The most prominent of the inferior personages are Norry Molloy, an Irish smuggler, and her son Mike, who commands the Greyhound schooner off the coast; Grace Wardrop, a puritan, and her father Malachi, an idiot brother; Timothy, coachman to Goldingham; Basil, cousin to Reuben Apsley; besides Judge Jeffreys, Colonel Kirke, and others of higher note, who, however, only contribute in a lesser degree to the interest of the novel.

Reuben having rashly engaged in the attempt of Monmouth, escapes from the slaughter at Sedgemoor, and is hunted about from post to pillar. Among other places of refuge, he conceals himself, in the disguise of a butler, in the mansion of Lord Trevanion, whose two daughters, Adeline and Helen, are painted—the former as all affection and French romances—the latter as adorned with all the perfections becoming a heroine. They are compromised by their affording protection to Reuben; but, after many hair-breadth escapes, all terminates as..... we will not disappoint our novel-loving readers by telling. On the contrary, we shall simply introduce these volumes to the public, by quoting a few specimens to shew the skill and power with which the author has delineated his characters, several of which we consider to be original, and most of them spirited and true to nature. We shall begin with Norry Molloy, who is the Meg Merrilies of the piece: she appears at the inn with a sample of her wares, and after some parley, "drew a drinking-horn from her pocket, and proceeded to fill it. 'To tell you the truth, Norry,' quoth the landlord, 'your last batch seemed to me little better than Irish aqua-vite, lowered with water and flavoured with burnt sugar.' 'Bad manners to ye, honey dear, and brimstone blisters upon the tongue that says

it! Is it myself doesn't know Irish usquebaugh from right Nantz? us that had a bit still of our own, up in the hill by Ballinderry, (God's blessing on every blade of its grass!) and where we might be getting an honest livelihood this same day, but that we shot Carroll O'Driscoll one morning; and Dermot Mahoney paiched, (blue blazes to him!) and so we were obliged to shew the light heel, and my boy Mick has no other house than our brave cutter, the Greyhound; and myself is obliged to tramp the shore and the sea-coast for a mere mouthful. But Erin go brach! and may those that don't like it have another of Carroll O'Driscoll's pills to swallow! 'Taste it, honey, 'twill do your heart good; taste it, for you never tossed the like of it over your tongue.' First smelling the liquor, then rinsing his mouth with it, and spitting it out again with the true distasteful and depreciating look of an intended buyer, the landlord handed over the horn to his companion, who swallowed what was left with apparent satisfaction, smacked his lips, and ejaculated, 'Not bad, Norry, not bad; but if it's the same price as the last, it's too dear by half. Zooks, you have no conscience!' Whether it was the uninvited fluency with which he had despatched the remainder of her sample, the boiling over of an old grudge against a spoiler of her trade, or the just indignation of one of the murderers of Carroll O'Driscoll at any imputation upon her conscience, certain it is, that the vials of Norry Molloy's wrath were suddenly poured out upon the offender, with a volubility which might well be termed the eloquence of passion, and which was sustained with such unbroken vehemence, that the whole ebullition appeared to be but one period, and to be uttered in a single breath. 'Then may the next drop choke ye for a lying land lubber,' she exclaimed with a malignant scowl; 'and God send ye may shortly be put to bed under the green grass, and myself may live to sit a goose that has been fattened upon the grave of ye! Is it for such skulkers as ye to be saying its dear! ye that are sitting in the sunshine, with a warm house at your lazy back, and the owld steady earth under yer feet?' Here she stamped violently upon the ground, to shew the importance of having such a trustworthy element to depend upon. 'Have ye ever stole out of the Dutch ports in a low lugger, on the long, cold, dark nights of winter, as I have done, to be brought, perhaps, by the suck of the sea in the midst of Russell's blockading squadron, and where ye think the devil himself couldn't see the foam of your cut-water, nor hear the wind snoring in your lug-sail? ye shall see a flash at a distance, and a shot strikes light in the black waves a yard or two a-head of ye, and the roar of the cannon runs forenent ye into the darkness, and ye're right glad to run after it, gunnel under, for fear another bullet should come dancing to the same tune?' 'Nay, but Norry,' said the fish vender, 'I never meant—' 'Dear!' interrupted the Irishwoman, whose breath seemed to fan the flames of her own wrath.—'dear, ye sneaking shingle-roamer, ye think a

great deal, I warrant, when ye're snoozing in your truckle on the stormy nights, about the poor sows that are tossing on the big black waves, when even the moon and the stars are afraid to come out, and the sea and sky are all the same colour, and the wind howls in your ear like a brute baist that is waiting to tear ye to pieces, and every wave seems rushing to swallow ye up alive. Many a better man than ye, or any of the snivelling likes of ye, has felt his boat sink under him; and though he wished to be the gull over his head, or the porpus beneath him, has scorned to cry for help where it was no use, but has gone down with a silent tongue and a stout heart, and none but the whistling wind to know where he last held up his hand in the wild and lonesome sea.' 'Zooks, woman! will you but listen?' interposed the fish-vender. 'Dear!' bawled Norry Molloy, again overwhelming his voice with an increased vehemence. 'What! ye think our business is all over when we see the white cliffs of England, or run upon the sands, when perhaps we're capsize in the breakers; or just as we get our cargo ashore the 'cisemen come down upon us; and after our toilsome night's battle with the waves, we are among the barkers and slashers, and have the whistling of bullets and the clash of cutlasses for our morning's music. Dear! ye cowardly land piran! ye cliff-lottering, keg-stealing wreck-watcher! why I'm selling ye the last breath, perhaps, of them that were sucked down to the bottom whiles ye were snoring; of brave men that are now being gnawed by the fishes, while such earth-treading cowards as ye are safely tiptling your ale. The curse of Saint Patrick be upon the whole gang of ye!' Norry Molloy had not been so wholly engrossed by the latter part of this philippic, although it was delivered with infinite fury and volubility, but that, upon observing the approach of a stranger, she had again wrapped her cloak around her, had managed to return the bladder to its former position, to restore the equilibrium of her figure, and to pocket the drinking-horn, which she had snatched during the latter part of her invective."

This stranger is Goldingham, proceeding with little ceremony to take possession of his newly purchased estate. He is treated with much incivility by every body till he rings at his own bell; and the following accurate sketch ensues:—

"Mrs. Holmes, who had been left in custody of the house, was one of those discreet personages who make it a point to be civil to every body, until they have ascertained that it is quite safe to be otherwise; and was, moreover, a connoisseur in rings and knocks, which she considered as pieces of handwriting, whereby most people betrayed their station and the purposes of their visit. Interpreting the energetic ring she had just heard to be that of a person who felt himself authorised to be decisive, and having also received some vague intimation of her new master's odd appearance, she dropped a low curtsy as she met him in the

hall, exclaiming in a soft voice, and with a gracious smile,—“Mr. Goldingham, I presume; you are welcome, sir, to the place, and I wish you health and happiness to enjoy your new purchase. Allow me to take your bag, sir—” And then suddenly rising to a sharp key, she called aloud,—“Why, Timothy! Timothy! always out of the way! lights in the parlour directly, here’s the new master arrived!” Ushering him into this apartment, she wheeled a large arm chair for his reception, brought him a pair of slippers, and inquiring in a tone of gentle condolence whether he had supped upon the road, assured him there were vands in the house which could be got ready in a few minutes; added, that his bed had been kept carefully aired, and that she had provided a little tea in the house, though probably his honour did not like any such new-fangled slops. “Thank ye, thank ye, Mrs. Holmes,” said Isaac, with more complacency than he had felt in the whole course of the day, “that’s all very right and proper; you seem to have your wits about you, and so be a woman of business, which is what I like. None of your tea, no new-fangled slops for me; but if you can let me have a pipe, and some mull’d lamb’s-wool, I shall be glad of them as soon as you please.” These, with the addition of some saffron cakes, which she informed him were of her own making, being presently placed before him by the bustling and obsequious Mrs. Holmes, he despatched his frugal meal, smoked a pipe, and, fatigued with the exertions of the day, retired shortly after to bed, and fell fast asleep in that ancient mansion, which had never before received so plebeian a proprietor.

The reflections on possessing a freehold are also very good.

“It was the first time in his life that he had ever owned a foot of land; and however a man’s notions may be sophisticated by civic appreciations of wealth, there is a charm, a magic in the word ‘freehold,’ which finds its way to every bosom. He who stands upon his own terra firma has a right to feel like one of the lords of creation, for he is part and parcel of the general system of things, owner of a certain portion of the solid globe itself, upon which he may strike his foot with the certainty that the ground beneath, down to the very centre of the earth, is his own; and that the echo he awakens, even should it rise upwards to the heavens, will travel through a portion of space which the law has equally pronounced to be his property.”

The old cit at first playing the squire in the country is also well hit off.

“Although his neighbours gradually began to thaw from their frozen etiquette, as the ridiculous rumour about his unsavoury business was refuted, and his commercial respectability fully established; and although several families of some distinction found a pleasure in calling upon him when they were absolutely at fault what else to do, yet Goldingham now and then found himself terribly at a loss to get through the day, especially if it happened to be a rainy one. He felt that a man who has been for many years engaged in active absorbing pursuits, and conversant with busy bustling faces, finds nothing so difficult to do as to do nothing, and no company more irksome to be restricted to than his own. Idleness, in fact, requires a regular apprenticeship, and is seldom well performed, except by those who are born and bred to the business.—“Adzooks!” he exclaimed one day, as he soliloquised up and down his gravel walk, “when one has stood upon ‘Change, talked to brokers, and

made one or two hundred pounds of a morning, it is had enough to sit in a sunny field, prattle to buttercups and daffodils, and get nothing after all but a cold. But what am I to do in the winter when my neighbours are all shooting away Time with their fowling pieces, or hunting him down with dogs and horses?—I can’t perch upon a gate and whistle like a blackbird, nor hop about looking for crumbs like a robin redbreast, nor squat down in the fern like a hare, nor stand in the snow chewing the cud like a cow, nor go to bed like a dormouse, and tell Timothy to call me next spring. Oh! for a sleety morning at Christmas! give me the fire-side corner at Jonathan’s, with a fresh pipe, a pint of mull’d lamb’s-wool, and the Weekly Courant. Green lanes are certainly very pretty things, but one sadly misses the foot-pavement, and the shops on each side, and the lamps; you can’t hold up your finger for a hackney-coach if caught in a shower, nor call the watch and spring half a dozen rattles in as many minutes, if any one threatens to assault you. For the summer the country may be a very ingenious contrivance; but I shall never be able to get through the winter here.”

But taken altogether we are most struck with the portrait of Sir Harcourt Slingsby, of which the following excerpts will afford a tolerable notion:—

“Leaving Goldingham for the present, alternately gazing at the house, or looking at his watch with an increased impatience which was not in any degree participated by the slow and imperturbable Timothy, we shall request the reader to enter the low hall, hung round with fowling-pieces, powder-belts, stags’ horns, foxes’ brushes, and other sportsman’s trophies; to pass the shuffle-board table at one end—to traverse the parlour, furnished with high-backed, leather-bottomed chairs, and an antique oak cabinet in every corner—to ascend the stairs; then to go along a passage, and down three steps, and finally to let us pilot him into the drawing-room, where, before a long narrow glass fixed in the panel, Sir Harcourt Slingsby, a new guest at the Rookery, stood combing his periwig; a practice not a little inconsistent with modern notions of politeness, especially before ladies and a roomful of visitants, although it was an established habit with the beaus and exquisites of that era. Of these fashionable flutters about the court and the circles of high life, Sir Harcourt, who had many imitators but no rival, was the avowed leader; a pre-eminence universally conceded to him not less on account of his fine figure and splendid fortune, than the tasteful modishness of his attire, and the polished urbanity of demeanour which shone through all the fopperies of his discourse and dress, preposterous as they sometimes were. “May I be freckled!” he exclaimed to some of the by-standers, while he insinuated his comb into the hair, passed it along the surface of his wig, and looked tenderly at it with his head on one side, “if it be not the prettiest periwig in Christendom. Chedreux! it will immortalise thee—it is thy chef-d’œuvre, and ought for ever to remain as it is now, unvisited by the wind, and unprofaned by a hat. No flax was ever whiter; and what a beauty there is in a fair wig! How well it sets off my dark eyebrows! (by the by, I have brought them into fashion; nothing will go down this season but black brows)—ah! how delicately a blonde peruke shews off against these dark curtains! May those in the dining-room be a shade deeper! though, after all, nothing can relieve it better than the chocolate colour which I

have chosen for the lining of my new French calash. Ah, mon cher!” he continued as the squire entered the room in a dress suit, “I give you joy—I see you have published a new coat, and may I be pimpled if it be not of a passable device and praiseworthy cut.” “Whoop! Sir Harcourt, why, you have never turned round to look at it yet.” “There’s no occasion, mon cher, for I can see it in the glass, and still correct the eccentricities of these two or three truant hairs. Tell me, squire, didst ever see a sweeter peruke? Not a curl in it—I have exploded them for ever, but every line softly flowing and waving up and down like the undulations of a summer sea. There! it is finished and faultless, and now, mon cher, *qu je t’embrasse*—let me kiss thee, for thy coat is jaunty and piquant.” Stretching out his head as far as possible, so as to avoid the smallest derangement of his sacred peruke, he kissed the cheek of the squire, who exclaimed, “I don’t know whether your wig be of such a rare breed as you pretend, but sink me! if I ever saw six such clean long-tailed nags as you have got to your calash. Fifty to twenty I match the peruke six times over before you produce such another set of horses in all England. Your off wheeler is uncommonly like my black gelding Skyscraper. Where the devil did you pick him up?” “May I be visited by the chicken rash! if I can tell you. I merely order my people to procure for me whatever is most rare and unique, and not to trouble their heads about the expense.” “You boast of your peruke,” resumed the squire; “but the newest fashion about you is your speech. When I left London you drawled and stretched out the letter A as if you were loath to part with it, and talked as broad as a Scottish gardener.” “Run me through! squire, if I could stick to it any longer after it came down to that sorry rogue Titus Oates. I was standing beside him when he said to my Lord North, ‘Maay Laird Chaim Jaistale, whay this basiness of Baidlaw calms to naithaing,’ and I instantly forswore the North country drawl, and introduced the French lisp. This too being soon profaned by vulgar mouths, I abandoned it, and had actually some thoughts of speaking simply and naturally; but it was held to be too daring an innovation, too great an affectation of singularity, so that I am obliged to be somewhat foppish and fantastical in my oaths, for fear of being set down for a coxcomb. Let me blood! squire, if your cravat be not most villainously disposed: if you intrust an affair of such importance to an Englishman? We have no native artists in this line. My man Guilleaux was had over from Paris on purpose, and does nothing else.” “Whoop! Sir Harcourt, I always tie it myself: you can never make a fop of a fox-hunter.” “My dear squire, if you were to break your neck to-morrow, it would surely be a consolation to have a tasteful cravat round it—to fall like Caesar, and die in a becoming manner. Life is uncertain, and you have two other duties to perform which should not be neglected for a single moment—you should get ruffles of Spanish point instead of Venice, and change this horribly unbecoming glass. You stout fellows are so fond of mirrors that make one look thin.”

The following is still in better keeping:— “Page!” said Sir Harcourt Slingsby, as he descended from his six-horsed calash, in which he sat most carefully upright, lest his capacious periwig should touch either side of the vehicle; “follow me up stairs, and see that my peruke be not disordered behind. There is a villainous and unfeeling wind abroad that cars

not what mischief it makes among the most precious hair.' At the door of the drawing-room, Sir Harcourt was assured by his attendant that every thing was in faultless order behind, when he examined himself in front by the assistance of a little pocket-mirror, which in those days had received the Dutch appellation of a sprunking glass, and having corrected two or three hairs, and altered one plait of his point-lace frill, his page opened the door, and he swam into the apartment with a graceful corant slur and a coupée, diffusing a thousand rich odours around him as he advanced, bowing and bending in all the glory of smiles, brocade, embroidery, lace, gay garbure, and fluttering ribands. 'Ah! my dear Sir Harcourt,' cried Mrs. Chatsworth, 'you come most apropos to decide a bet between me and Lady Crockett, who maintains that you lately sent fifty pieces to Flatman the poet, to liberate him from prison. This I knew to be impossible, because the fellow has so recently abused you in that scurrilous lampoon, which all your friends have of course read; if not, I can lend any body my copy.' 'May I be wrinkled, madam, if I should have sent the dull rogue the moiety of a tester had he not libelled me, but as I suspect nothing can be more humiliating than to receive favours from those we have wantonly wronged, I horsewhipped his mind with fifty pieces of gold, which I consider a more painful infliction than if I had laid as many stripes upon his back. It is always my way of revenging an injury.' 'That is so like you, Sir Harcourt,' cried Lady Crockett, pleased at having won her wager; 'you always attribute a bad motive to your good actions, and are more ashamed of a virtue than others are of a vice. To other day you were most eager to free yourself from the imputation of sobriety.' 'Strike me stupid, madam! if I could have explained myself properly. I plead guilty to all those virtues which gratify my inclination, but I disclaim any merit in merely doing that which gives me pleasure, and which I should not otherwise practise. Your ladyship will not find me deficient in any of the vices which are calculated to afford me the smallest delight, though I am a perfect saint in refraining from all those that I dislike.' 'But surely there is a merit, Sir Harcourt, in being even constitutionally addicted to that which is noble, and feeling a natural antipathy to that which is base.' 'Just the same, my dear Lady Crockett, that there is in liking one dish and disliking another. There is no merit except when we make our principles triumph over our inclinations; and may my periwig be soaked in a shower, if I can advance the smallest pretensions to this species of virtue!'

We shall not follow the hero through his flights, disguises, and escapes. His witnessing the capture of Monmouth from a concealed pit, is an interesting part of the story; and his own evasion of prison from Lyme is also well described. The appearance of Jeffreys and Kirke on the stage enables Mr. Smith to portray some of their characteristics with considerable effect; but we cannot say we admire his judgment in closing his work with a half volume of Robinson Crusoe-like episode, concerning the shipwreck and death of Reuben's father, mother, and sister, on a South Sea Island. This has quite a separate interest from the story, and seems almost like a separate paper tacked to it very inartificially.

We have only to add, that there is an admirably written dedication to Sir Walter Scott, which does infinite honour to the writer's head and heart. We cannot resist the tempt-

ation of copying part of what we cordially like.

"You have," says Mr. Smith, "pursued your glorious career in charity with all men, and if you did not already enjoy a sufficing reward in the peace and happiness that you have thus assured to your own bosom, you would possess it in the certain knowledge that from one extremity of the kingdom to the other, amid all the sects and parties into which it is divided, you are not less universally admired as a writer, than esteemed and respected as a man. This, sir, is an exalted eulogy; but I should disdain to record it, were it not known to be a just one. Even merited praise, however, may be offensive to the humility of true genius and virtue, and I should apologise for the strain I have used, but that I feel it to be sanctioned by the motive. By directing attention to the noble example you have thus set, and to the high reward it has procured for you, the imitators of your honourable and generous candour may perhaps become more numerous than those who have been the copyists of your style. This, at least, will be a safe ambition; for it is one in which all may command success. In this career many have already done themselves honour by treading in your footsteps; and more, it is to be hoped, will follow. Such imitators can never be termed a servile herd: every honest friend of the muses will wish to see them multiplied, until they shall form a large fraternity of generous competitors, who, however they may differ as scholars or authors, shall make it their peculiar boast that they possess but one tone and one feeling towards each other as gentlemen. May this reformation be effected! may this brotherhood rally around you as their founder, and their tutelary guardian! may you be truly enabled to exclaim—

'My power's a crescent, and my sugaring hope  
Says it will come to the full!'

For you may rest assured, that no lover of pure and dignified literature will behold this increasing circle without fervently ejaculating 'Impleat orbem!'

*Isaac Comnenus; a Play. 8vo. pp. 219.  
London, 1827. J. Murray.*

We cannot compliment the unknown author of this play upon the successful accomplishment of his object. It wants elevation throughout, and is so destitute of passion, that the reader is never moved, either by situation or language, from the beginning to the end. The hero is as dull a fellow as could be placed in the front of a tragedy, and not one of the subordinate characters inspires the least measure of interest. The fable is of equal mediocrity, and the composition so level with the other poor qualities of the drama, that we may justly use the somewhat vulgar expression, and say of Isaac Comnenus, it is all of a piece.

Entertaining this opinion, we do not feel called upon to enter into much discussion of the various parts of this composition; we shall, therefore, as briefly as possible, state the grounds of our judgment, and shew that the half dozen pretty passages which the volume contains are not sufficient to sustain a tragedy which is destitute of poetry, or raise the author above the dead plain over which he wanders. Among his defects we have to charge the serious ones of imitation, lowness of expression, poor wit, vulgarity in thought and style, profanation (no doubt unintentional) and affectation, including other abuses of the English language,

Of the many imitations, that of Osrick in *Hamlet* at page 7 may suffice as a specimen.

*Germanus.* My noble lord, the Cæsarian waits  
With marvellous impatience to behold you!  
She bids me say so. Ah, most noble Count!  
A fortunate man—the sunshine is upon you—  
*Comnenus.* Ay, sir, and wonderfully warm it makes me.  
Tell her I'm coming, sir, with marvellous speed.

*Exit Germanus.*  
Didst thou take heed of yon homunculus?  
*Marcius.* Ay, my lord, I mark'd him.  
*Comnenus.* We work 'f the dark, and know not what we do.  
He that begot him mean'd him for a man.  
And yet thou seest the issue."

This is not only miserable in itself, but approaching to indecency where it would aim to be very satirical.

*Lowness of expression* occurs at every turn: we have in heroic verse "to blink hard cares;" a person "looms large;" a boon asked is

"To truss me up these lying monks,  
And sprinkle yonder altar with their blood;"

"a night of blood" is said to "interlope;" and "chopping off of heads" is to stop disorders.

The poor wit may be exemplified by the annexed selection from several similar abortions. Comnenus has tilted at a statue of St. Basil, and transfixed it through the eye; for which sacrilege the monks stir up the populace against him.

*Second Monk.* Anathema esto!  
*All.* Anathema!  
*First Citizen.* Softly! you all know that St. Basil is the patron saint of this city; now the case stands here,—will he ever have an eye to this city again?  
*All.* Never, never.  
*First Citizen.* Never while Comnenus is in it."

The offence of *vulgarity* is equally decided—witness the following dialogue between an exorcist and a eunuch who is inquiring into his method of cure.

*Exorcist.* You may remember Anthemius the Eparch, who was possessed of Levithan, and caused a droopy in the emperor's daughter. I never had a more obstinate spirit to deal with in all my experience.

*Eunuch.* But you succeeded?  
*Exorcist.* I bless God, by the help of St. George, to say nothing of my own secret receipt for suffumigation, I brought him fairly out at last, and his highness was cured.

*Eunuch.* But did she not relapse in the space of a year or so?

*Exorcist.* Relapse? Yes, she did relapse; for look ye, there's nothing sneaks back into a man's body so soon as your villainous evil spirit.

*Eunuch.* But Anthemius has not troubled you lately?

*Exorcist.* No; the emperor sent him to the prisons of Lethæ on the other side of the water, and the word went he was strangled.

*Eunuch.* So he was, that's certain.

*Exorcist.* What was it for, then?

*Eunuch.* Some idle tongues spoke how that all was not as it should be between him and the princess; but what plainly appeared against him was, that he stole the hood of a Benedictine friar from his cell after eleven o'clock at night, and being afterwards at the sabbath of evil spirits and magicians, did there put it upon Satan's head, saying, 'hæc honore dignus es;' in contempt of St. Benedict and his holy order.

*Exorcist.* God's mercy! It was time he was put out of the way. What will not a man do when once he is maleficed!

Again (though this example will also divide the charge with *profanation*),—scene a churchyard:—

*Comnenus (stumbling).* Pray God it mend the road.  
What be you shape heven out upon the tomb-stone?

*Guide.* A cherub 'tis my lord.

*Comnenus.* What, with that damnable visage?

*Guide.* It is thus, my lord, they carve them.

*Comnenus.* 'Tis wondrous hideous. When I die, Alexius, I'll have an image of another mould!

Shall smile a cherub's blessing o'er my dust."

A more offensive specimen of the profane is afforded in a dialogue which reminds us strongly of Dr. Slop in *Tristram Shandy*, only that it has no one redeeming merit to excuse its very bad taste.

"Interior of the church of St. Sophia.—The Patriarch standing before the altar with a tiger, Thaurgart swinging censers on each side. A number of priests holding tapers, and performing from time to time the usual consecrations of the images. A congregation of old men and women.  
*Patriarch.* Lift up your voices, oh my children! call ye a curse on Isaac Count Comnenus.



*The People.* Lord, on this thine enemy deal thou thy vengeance!  
*Patriarch.* Curse him, ye saints! for he brake your images. Curse him, oh Jesus! for he cast thy eucharist to the dogs.

*The People.* Lord, on this thine enemy deal thou thy vengeance!

*Patriarch.* Curse him, that he perish by the hands of thy servants! Curse him, that he be trodden under the feet of the horses! Now, O Lord! now instantly smite him, that he die!

*The people respond as before.*  
*Patriarch.* Visit him not in death with thy blessing. Cast his soul from the gates of thy mercy. Not on him alone, O Lord! not on him alone! Be thy curse on his blood, in whoseover veins it floweth.

*The People.* Lord, on these thine enemies deal thou thy vengeance!

We confess that we cannot read this without stronger feelings of disapprobation than merely dislike: the whole passage is extremely open to heavy censure. Speaking thus strongly, we must fortify ourselves with another proof.

*Second Monk.* I say body and soul, life and limb, here and hereafter, be his!

*Third Citizen.* Then to hell with him at once.

*Second Citizen.* Most assuredly, holy father, he shall go to hell.

Of affectation and abuse of the English tongue, the mere words "nefandous," "exccation," "thermody," "thurifications," "matutinal," "unlightsome," and a multitude of others, are sufficient proof; and a few almost chance quotations will complete our case under all the heads which we have designated, as well as others which we have not particularised.

#### Bombast.

"An hour or two, and yonder Euxine Sea  
 That slow induces its maturial grey,  
 Shall then change colour like a maiden's cheek,  
 Enamell'd with the glow of other fires  
 Than those of sunrise. Bards, be on the watch  
 To blazon mighty deeds of mighty men!  
 Ye gods, put back the hand upon the dial,  
 And stop the sun till I be on my horse."

*Dubious meaning.*—Nicephorus to his daughter—

"Thou hast made all advances which becometh thee,  
 And he is yet by word or deed unpledged."

#### Her reply.

"Have ye not loosed the hydra of the state—  
 Have ye not stirr'd the vermin of the church—  
 Made compact with the natural enemies  
 Of order and of empire to molest him?  
 And ye would have him move no step to meet you?"

Comenius (being excused his prostrations on approaching the Cæsarina) says, *withly*,—

"Great is my privilege in Byzantium!  
 Sometime I stand upon two legs at court,  
 Where others, as befits them, go on four."

Language fit for a Patriarch to an Imperial Court—

"'Tis thou that mock'st high Heaven.  
 Thou'rt summon'd here on many an ugly count  
 Of sacrilege, and heresy, and schism."

*Bailios.*—Mannuel enters to give the tonsure to his deposed master, the emperor, who dislikes the operation, and his faithful servant exclaims—

"Oh, the stars!  
 Bethink yourself. What, is it not ten years  
 That I have shaved and shaved you day by day?"

*Ditto.*—Paleologus, a nobleman, retires from the new emperor's coronation banquet thus—

"Good friends, good night.  
 Your servant. Let me hold you by the arm!  
 For, pardon me, you seem to walk, but so so.  
 But never mind, I'll steady you; I'm sound;  
 No milk sop neither; but I hold it good,  
 That away one keep sound to help the rest.  
 So, steadily—on this side of that lady—  
 This side the lady in the grave clothes—Ha!  
 This side the apparition—cleared, by Jove!  
 And so a fair good-night to ghosts in black.  
 (Going, returns.)  
 And tell Count Isaac, I forgive Count Isaac  
 For being thrifty of his bounteous presence;  
 For I've a guess, a shrewd one, mark ye me,  
 A shrewd conjecture of the why and wherefore,—  
 And to be wise, and say no more about it,  
 I think it may be he's too drunk to cope."

There are a number of odd medical phrases, which add an air of burlesque to the other errors in this play: but as we have done enough to justify our opinion of its demerits, we shall conclude with the more pleasant task of pointing out its few better features.

"He is an arrant bungler in his work,  
 Whate'er it be, who is not stored with reasons.  
 Reasons! there's nought in life so plentiful!  
 They are the most besting stores of men,  
 Who ought to act by instinct, did they but know  
 How far their nature, when not tamper'd with,  
 Their prostituted reason would transcend."

*Alexius.* Hast thou forgotten how it was thy wont  
 To muse the hours away along this shore,  
 These very rippled sands?

*Comenius.* The sands are here,  
 But not the foot-prints. Wouldst thou trace them now?  
 A thousand tides and storms have dash'd them out,  
 Winds brushed them, and waves worn them; and o'er all  
 The heavy foot of Time, who plods the shore,  
 Replenishing his sand-glass, trodden down  
 Their vestiges and mine! Long here's a rock—  
 His seat or ore he push'd it from the cliff,  
 And which shall now be ours; a goodly seat;  
 He's worn it smooth, smooth as a woman's cheek  
 Which he has not worn.

"Alexius, I remember when in Persia,  
 I oft would watch the sun go down; and there  
 He sets with such refracting splendour,  
 That the whole East with the reflected glow  
 Is crimson'd, as it may be here at dawn."

"Comenius. So here am I, to say my work is done.  
 Thus churchyard visions mock us as we merit,  
 When man, for lack of manliness, is made  
 A lazar for the mind's maladies."  
 (Walter's comment.)

How changed those skies from what they were at eve!  
 They change as do the destinies of men,  
 And give no warning, or at best a brief one.  
 Black, save a seam, a trench, a gaping chasm  
 Of ghastly moonshine betwixt cloud and cloud;  
 And therewithin a pale and glimmering star,  
 Like hope in far futurity, a gleam  
 Of half-extinguished light still struggles on.  
 I feel that chill and heaviness of cheer,  
 Which follows oft a chase that's hotly won;  
 For then the hazards and vicissitudes,  
 The pride of conflict, spur of opposition,  
 The quickening sense of danger, and the need  
 And exercise of wit, are all effete,  
 And the reward of all (which seem remote  
 Shone like a Caucasian peak at dawn)  
 Meets with a cold reality the touch,  
 And bares the blank and nothingness of life."

With this concluding soliloquy we also finish in the hope that the author will do better another time.

*Travels from India to England; comprehending a Visit to the Burman Empire, and a Journey through Persia, Asia Minor, &c. in the Years 1825-6.* By Lieut. J. E. Alexander, Esq., &c. &c. 4to. pp. 300. London, 1827. Parbury, Allen, and Co.

A VERY pretty lithographic portrait of the author to front the title-page, and the dubious phrase in that title-page which induced us to imagine that he had personally and on equal terms paid "a visit to the Burman Empire," led us, we are free to confess, to form, *a priori*, a rather unfavourable opinion of Lieutenant Alexander's volume. But though these things are in bad taste (the portrait looks young), we have found a good deal of redeeming matter in the work itself, though it is far from being of a superlative order. The author has rapidly traversed some interesting regions, and rapidly seen what he might see: and of this Mazeppa-like journey and the cursory observations which it was possible to make on it, he has given us a plain and interesting account.

#### • Et. gr. of wine—

"Marvellous!  
 How this amalgam of a body and soul  
 Can gain by grain so interpenetrate,  
 That washing of a vestric with drink  
 Shall strengthen and uplift the abject mind."

#### Of the causes of revolt—

"There's much sedition in your gastric juice,  
 Gawping the empty quarts of poor men's stomachs."

Where there was nothing to be told he has told nothing; where preceding travellers had exhausted the *lions* he has not been tedious; and where there really was any thing new to observe and record, he has communicated his views in a pleasant and gentlemanlike manner.

The work is divided into two parts; first, the foresaid visit to the Burman Empire, return to Calcutta, and voyage thence to Bombay; secondly, voyage from Bombay (attached to the embassy of Colonel Kinneir, from the Governor General to Persia), and route through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor. Of the principal events which occurred during this long and various, but hurried transit, we shall be able to give an adequate idea within much less than the compass of six of our quarto pages.

Of the Burman people we are told (and we like to hear of a country so lately approximated to our great Indian Empire, and so likely to attract much of our attention hereafter)—

"Those who can afford it burn their dead; but the poorer classes make a narrow hole in the ground, about three feet deep, and having tied up the corpse in a mat, thrust it in sideways, first carrying it three times round the hole or grave; they then throw the earth over it, trampling it down hard. I observed massive tombstones in several parts of the outskirts of the town, which had been placed over the ashes of *poonghees*, or inferior priests. Males and females have holes in the lobes of both ears, in which they stick their cigars: they dye their teeth and the edges of their eye-lashes with antimony. The greatest compliment that can be paid a Burman, is to take the lighted charcoal from your mouth and present it to him: he, immediately after placing it in his cheek, performs the shiko, or salaam, with both hands. They are very fond of drinking tea and brandy with Europeans, and eat and drink with them without the least scruple. When the men and women quarrel, they fight it out: the men with their fists, and the ladies with their slippers: they despise the Hindus for confining their contests to abuse, without coming to blows. They account it to be very injurious to the growth of animals to be deprived of the maternal milk: wherefore they never milk their kine, which consequently excel in size those of Hindoostan. The children are suckled for a couple of years; and I have seen a child, after taking its fill from the nipple, smoke a cigar with great relish. The men are tattooed very closely, from the waist to below the knee, with different figures of animals, charms, &c. I saw a woman with the *white of one of her eyes tattooed*. The process is performed with a long steel needle, loaded at one end, and divided at the other to contain the liquor, which is either red or blue: it draws blood at every stroke."

The Burmans are extremely curious in examining the texture of the clothes worn by Europeans: they approach in a respectful manner, and feel the dress all over. For an old red jacket, or a piece of broad-cloth, a Burman would part with any thing, even his wife for a season. Of their complaisant disposition in this respect the European officers availed themselves; most of them having one, and some two Burman wives, who proved very faithful, and made excellent servants. They were purchased for fifty or sixty rupees: some of the ladies bore Anglo-Burman children. The disproportion of females to males in the population of the Burman empire, owing probably to the wars which have occurred there, has been the occasion of a custom amongst the Burmans of selling their wives and daughters, particularly



the latter. Dr. Buchanan mentions a curious custom of the physicians in this country, which did not occur to my observation. He says that the parents of a young woman attacked by a dangerous illness enter into a compact with a doctor, who undertakes to cure her under the following conditions; namely, if she lives, she becomes the property of the doctor; if she dies, he pays her value to the parents. He adds, that the number of fine young women he saw in the house of a doctor at Meaday, made him think that the practice was very common."

This account of our countrymen, officers, having two Burman wives, is, we trust, a little overdrawn, or perhaps a loose mode of expression: as the campaign lasted only a few months, we guess that the number of "Anglo-Burman children" could not bear heavy witness against the decent conduct of European gentlemen in a distant land. But other stories are told, which, for the honour of Britain, we would as soon not have heard in the flippant manner in which they are related. For instance, the writer says—

"Whilst we remained at Henzada, I observed that a group of our boatmen had got an old pack of cards, and were amusing themselves at a game resembling *loo*. In the arms of some of them pieces of gold and silver had been inserted under the skin, which were intended as charms. Our soldiers, aware of this custom, became very dexterous in making incisions in the arms of the dead Burmans, and in ridding them of their then superfluous talismans."

We are, we trust, neither precise, bigotted, nor puritanical; but there is to us something offensive in this easy manner of describing bloody atrocities. The cruelties practised by the Burmans on the prisoners whom they took are equally revolting to the sense; but the details of these are to be excused on the ground of their being actual history. Their native executions are similarly ruthless, but may be quoted.

"The culprit is led to the place of execution (which is commonly an open spot on the banks of the river), where a bamboo grating is set up, to which his extended arms and legs are tied; sometimes he is made to kneel in front of the grating, and the hands alone are pinioned to it. The eyes of the culprit are not bound, so that he witnesses all the appalling preparations for his death. The executioner, who is distinguished by a red cloth crossing the body over one shoulder, and armed with a *dar* or sword, which he holds in both hands, retires about twenty yards from the criminal, and making a rush at him, inflicts a frightful wound in a diagonal direction, from the upper part of the thorax to the bottom of the abdomen, which exposes the viscera: a piercing shriek follows the blow, which is not immediately fatal, the culprit lingering sometimes for several hours after. This is the punishment for heinous offences. The most common punishment for more trivial crimes is decapitation by a single stroke of the *dar*; or a target is painted on the naked body of the culprit, who is fixed to a tree and fired at. In the latter case, if the executioners miss their object, after a certain number of shots (which they are very ready to do if well bribed), he is permitted to escape. It is extraordinary to observe the apparent unconcern which the Burmese exhibit when led to execution; they smoke a cigar on their way, and continue to do so with perfect *sans foy*, till the fatal moment."

Let us contrast this horrid with an example, not old though of an oft-told story, of ceremonies on crossing the line. The author says—

"I may here relate an amusing anecdote of

the crew of the ship whilst they were crossing the equator. They planted the carpenter's mate (a green-horn) on the jib-boom end, with a great hatchet in his fist, in order that he might cut the line, and let the vessel pass. The lieutenant of the watch was let into the joke, and every now and then he sung out from the quarter-deck:—"Jib-boom there!"—"Sir," from Chips. "Are you all ready to cut away?"—"All ready, sir."—"See you do it cleverly, then, boy."—"Aye, aye, sir." After some time:—"Can you see it yet?"—"In half a minute, sir."—"Keep a good look out!"—"Aye, aye, sir." And thus was the unfortunate carpenter's mate kept astride the boom for half the day. On the same solemn occasion, Neptune and his crew being a long time in coming aft, the captain inquired what they were about. "Shaving the figure-head, sir, and making the ship free;" and so the fact was; they lathered and shaved the old champion's chin in due form, as the vessel had not before crossed the equator."

With these few extracts we exhaust our illustrations from the first part of the volume, and must now request our readers to accompany us from Bombay to the Persian Court, *via* Shapoor, Shiraz, Persepolis, and Ispahan: apologising for not tarrying at any of these interesting places, as we have already (see *L. G.* for years past) gone over the same ground with sundry intelligent travellers. Some of the personal adventures demonstrate the perils of Persian travelling even by an ambassador. Near Hamadan (Ecbatana) it is related—

"In the evening a serious affair occurred, which arose from the following circumstance: the mehmander had sent a *bulud*, or guide, to accompany the treasury. The people of the town were not inclined, for some reason unknown to us, to let the man go; accordingly a party of them forcibly seized him, and carried him off. One of the escort went after them to bring back the guide; he was attacked with missiles: our party then went to his assistance, when a large body, armed with matchlocks, spears, and swords, issued from the town, and a desperate conflict ensued, which lasted some time. At length the town's-people were driven back and routed, after losing one man killed and many wounded, with a loss on our part of a dozen wounded, three of the escort very severely with spears, and several horses. Our surly mehmander, in riding past during the affray, to the great joy of us all, received a blow on the head which unhorsed him. Mrs. Macdonald's maid had a serio-comic adventure after we had left the ground. A tailor (a Hindoo) and she were riding on a mule in *cajavas*: they were separated from the rest. Three *Ilyauts* came up to them, thrust their hands into the *cajava* in which was the fair one, and attempted to pull her out. The valiant tailor slunk back in dismay into a corner of his panner, and though called upon by the distressed damsel to fire a pistol of a couple of feet in length, which he had got for their mutual defence, he endeavoured to conceal himself as well as he could. The lady defended herself with a tin kettle, until the appearance of some of the muleteers caused the *Ilyauts* to decamp. The tailor, upon being afterwards reproached for his cowardice, swore that he courageously jumped from his *cajava* and cocked his piece, upon seeing which the *Ilyauts* instantly fled. After he had finished his oration, a muleteer came in and contradicted every word he had said."

"Our next stage was Zohra, twelve miles, where we arrived on the 21st. Captain Campbell and myself, in journeying to this village,

had an adventure of rather a disagreeable nature the previous evening. We had got into the high road to Zohra, which we had been told was a fursung shorter than the low one. After ascending and descending the steep banks of numerous ravines, in a narrow glen amongst the hills, we at last lost all traces of the path. The moon, obscured by clouds, from which vivid lightning darted at intervals, shed an uncertain light over the scene, which was one of peculiar wildness. We were completely at a loss which way to bend our steps. We had got to the top of a ridge, when far below us we heard the baying of dogs. We proceeded towards the sound, and found in the nook of the glen a village: we got into the middle of it, and found one of the inhabitants at his door; all the rest were buried in sleep. He inquired gruffly what we wanted there? We told him we had lost our road, and requested him to point it out to us. He replied, "You are the Furingee Elchee's people, I suppose; your tents are beyond the hills." After a great deal of entreaty to make him point out the proper road, at last, after promising him a present, he walked slowly along in front of our horses. A servant (we had only two with us, and a fursung mounted on a mule which carried the beds) used violent and abusive language to the villager, to make him quicken his steps, when he stopped, and pretended he wanted to go back for his shoes, although he had them actually on his feet. We urged him to proceed: he set up a loud cry, when instantly a large body of villagers issued from their houses and attacked us most furiously. We called to them to desist, and for one of them to come forward who spoke Persian; they answered, "We speak Turkish, and know nothing of your Persian." With loud shouts they continued to assail us: the whole village was up in arms. After Captain Campbell had received a severe blow on the head, which stunned him, and I had sustained a cut on the right hand, which nearly disabled me, we used our arms, and sending the mule to the front, covered the retreat as well as we could. The people followed us for two miles, keeping up a sort of running fight, and abusing us the whole way. We fortunately had struck into the right road, and after an hour's ride arrived in camp. The name of the village in the hills is *Koorkundee*."

Can we add the following, as another proof of the dangers of the road? at all events it may be received as a moral lesson, to show that people ought not to allow passion to get the better of judgment, since they don't care what they do or how much they expose themselves when they are angry.

At Talish a bath has been constructed, "four feet in depth; the temperature of the water is 130 Fahrenheit. Some time ago, a gentleman visiting the bath found an old woman in it in a state of nudity, and standing up to the breast in the water: greatly annoyed at being thus intruded on, to improve the matter, she jumped out, pursued and threw stones at the gentleman, abusing him in the grossest manner."

Had Mr. Alexander been a picturesque traveller, we should no doubt have had a view of this novel and interesting scene. But the national characteristics are still more curiously exhibited in the following touches. At Ards-beel, Mr. A. says—

"On the 28th, we proceeded to visit the tomb of Shaikh Suffee, and his illustrious descendant, Shah Ismail. Their remains repose under lofty domes; four swords surmounting the apex of that of the latter. The ark over the grave of the saint is fenced off by a silver

grating. The rooms are highly ornamented. In one is a large collection of china (amongst which I observed some beautiful agate cups and dishes), and a library of splendidly bound and valuable books, one of which is remarkable for its weight. All of them had been presented by Shah Abbas the Great, as offerings at the tombs of his ancestors. We next proceeded to the fort, which is square, with four bastions at the angles, and ravelins to protect the two gates, with a fausse-bray round the whole. It was constructed by Major Monteith, of the Madras Engineers, surveyor in Persia. We crossed a deep dry ditch, and found the fort inside to be clean and well kept. It was garrisoned by a detachment of the Janbaz, or his majesty's disciplined infantry. We visited sixteen Russian officers who were confined here: one thousand rank and file were prisoners outside. We found the officers in a comfortable apartment within a court-yard; they consisted of one lieutenant-colonel, a major, twelve infantry and two cossack officers. Two of them were wounded; one in the hand, which wound he received from the pistol of that savage, the Sirdar of Erivan. This officer, having been on detachment with a company, on the frontier of the sirdar, was attacked by a large force, against which he defended himself gallantly for some time until overpowered. When brought before the sirdar, the latter drew a pistol and fired at him. The Colonel Mizemooski, when asked the cause of defeat at Kunjeruk (for he was the commandant of the battalion of twelve hundred men with four guns which the prince had vanquished), replied, that they had fought for nine hours in the heat of the day, at a spot where they could not procure a drop of water; that, totally overcome by heat and thirst, after four hundred had been killed and wounded, one gun dismounted, and a tumbril blown up (which last Serjeant Dawson, an Englishman in the service of the prince, had effected), they were obliged to throw down their arms. They were dressed in the clothes which Mr. Willock had liberally supplied them with. When brought into camp, they were stripped by their rascally guards of every thing except their shirts and trousers. Seeing that they still wanted many necessaries, particularly the privates, we subscribed amongst ourselves such a sum as provided caps, comfortable cloaks, and shoes for all the men, and what little necessities the officers stood in need of. They requested the envoy to use his influence with his majesty to get them removed to Tabreez, where they would be under the eyes of Europeans. A Russian officer taken at the commencement of the war had turned Musselman, and obtained the appellation of Abdoollah Khan. Many attempts had been made to induce some of those we saw to do the same, but they had not been successful. We breakfasted with Secunder Khan, the governor of the city and province of Ardebeel. About a mile and a half from camp was a singular monument of barbarity. On a small hill on the plain were erected five kella-i-minar, or pillars of heads. The pillars were built of brick and lime, and into niches were thrust the heads of about one thousand Russians, which had been sent to the royal camp; they had been all pickled, and were placed round the pillars in rows. A more disgusting sight can hardly be imagined: into the mouth of one of the heads a pipe had been insultingly stuck. The price of Russian heads at this time was five tomanas. The custom of making a pyramid of the heads of enemies has existed in Persia from time immemorial. The insolence of our *kutichers*, or

muleteers, now exceeded all bounds: although they had been paid most liberally, yet they now demanded in future a rupee per day for each mule, else they positively refused to move another step. This was most exorbitant. One of them using abusive language, the envoy ordered him to be bastinadoed. The furashes, in attempting to bring the culprit to the fuk-luk, were attacked by the other muleteers, who rushed to the rescue: a violent scuffle and fight ensued. Hearing the noise, two or three of us ran from our tents to the scene of action, and quickly succeeded in putting the muleteers to flight with our fists, they neither being accustomed to, nor relishing that species of attack. The offender then underwent the punishment which he so richly merited. His companions immediately had recourse to the *punah beh-shah-zadah*, taking refuge in the prince's stables, who was pitched near us. This is a sacred asylum, from which the prince himself (unless acting against the established customs of the country) could not drive them. However, next morning they came and humbly asked forgiveness. Four horses were stolen here. The thieves were discovered before they had time to escape: a pursuit ensued; three were recovered, but one was irretrievably lost." Having come up with the king in his encampment (in consequence of the war with Russia), among the great folks our party met with, we find Mirza Abool Hussein Khan, the celebrated Persian who figured so conspicuously in London some years ago: but we must reserve him and his sovereign for another notice.

#### FASHIONABLE NOVELS.

*Hyde Nugent: a Tale of Fashionable Life.* 12mo. 3 vols. London, 1827. Colburn.  
*High Life: a Novel.* 12mo. 3 vols. London, 1827. Saunders and Otley.

ABOUT twenty years ago, in consequence of the success of a novel written by Mr. Surr, and called the *Winter in London*, the Town was inundated with a succession of the filthiest trash that ever disgraced the press of the country. A bookseller of the name of Hughes, of Wigmore Street, was the grand fabricator of these ephemeral pollutions, or rather, perhaps, the patron of their fabricators; and for a season or two the nuisance was not only endured, but partially encouraged by the prurient gusto of the idle and dissipated (of whom there is always a plentiful number in a place like London) for tales of private slander and scandalous personality. The bubble, however, burst in a few months; the world grew sick of the wretched trash; bankruptcies in fortune followed bankruptcies in fame, and of the Royal Eclipse, the Barouche Driver and his Wife, the Infidel Mother, the Winter in Dublin, Royal Investigation, the Faro Table, the Mis-led General, Bath Characters, Piccadilly Ambulator, and the whole of that class of publications, not one is now read or remembered in the lowest-circulating library. These works were not only contemptible, but they were vicious and vitiating; and we only notice their quondam existence to shew that there have been periods at which the press, from particular circumstances, assumed a particular tone and direction, till the theme became worn out and threadbare—and then it as readily adapted itself to some new course, and took the run in another way. Thus we have also seen the Della Cruscan School of poetry, which was demolished by Mr. Gifford; and the Tourist School of the annual quarto manufactory which the Pocket-book of Mr. Dubois annihilated. Thus we

have recently seen an abominable trade in slander carried on by a degraded portion of the periodical press; and thus we see at the present moment a vein of the most intemperate, disgraceful, and scandalous writing, which has sprung into existence in consequence of the late political changes. All these and other pestilent diseases have their rise and fall: they last for a while; a newer cause gives another impulse, and they sink into oblivion. The epidemic folly of the present time is for a description of fashionable or would-be fashionable writings, similar to the two novels whose titles we have conjoined and prefixed to this notice. The success of *Almack's*, like the success of *Surr's Winter in London*, seems to have led to this mass of imitation; but, as honest Horace says, *sudet mulum frustra laboret*—the imitators neither possess the merit nor deserve the celebrity of their prototype. In *Almack's*, with all its faults, there is an acquaintance with the subjects of which it treats, and—whether obtained by actual intimacy or acute though more distant observation, we care not—a knowledge of the parties (in high life as it is denominated) who figure on the scene. In most of the other productions got up on the same plan, there is a lamentable want of these qualities. They are poor flimsy manufactures; and as far as the slightest idea of the manners, way of talking, or mode of acting, in the upper circles of society are concerned, they are as innocent of the conception as if they had been compiled in Kamshatka. Thus deficient in real value (though even the best cannot be ranked very high either as literary performances or sketches of actual life), a new system has been resorted to in order to sustain their pretensions and procure for them a temporary sale and popularity. This is the system of paragraph-puffing in the newspapers and other journals, reviews, and magazines, (which being devoted to literature ought to hold themselves far aloof from such degrading prostitution); and it is carried to a length which, in our opinion, bids fairly not only to destroy the silly and despicable class which it is meant to advance, but, by creating doubts and suspicions in the public mind, to ruin works of sterling merit and reputation. When falsehoods after falsehoods are uttered respecting certain publications; when conjectures after conjectures as to authorship, &c. are invented and circulated for no other purpose but to stimulate a curiosity which must be disappointed by the result; when trickery and personal allusion are made the engines to gull credulity and propagate deception,—can we wonder if at last truth itself comes to be disbelieved, and every proper exertion to recommend genuine talent disregarded? What is disreputable in quack-doctors, mountebanks, charlatan wine-sellers, and blacking-makers, cannot be otherwise than disgraceful in those who undertake to supply the noblest aliment of intellect—recreation for the wearied scholar, instruction for the uninformed, and in its various characters a never-failing source of delight for all who stand above the race of brute. It is little short of fraud to induce the purchase of a stupid and nonsensical book by untrue representations: a petty-larceny sort of affair; for as they are usually sold at from a guinea to a guinea-and-a-half, it cannot be brought in stealing to the amount of forty shillings!

Now, these remarks are not designed to apply either to any individuals or to any works in particular; either to the volumes we are about to review, or to any to which the following quotations from newspapers refer. What

we disapprove of is the custom altogether, which we consider to be derogatory to the literature of the country, injurious to the interests of respectable authors, and calculated to do infinite mischief to the cause of letters generally, and to the British press especially.

What can be more unfair than the statements respecting new or forthcoming publications, which, under sundry forms, we often see occupying whole columns in the newspapers? Take up almost any journal, and the impropriety, at once glaring and offensive to good taste and justice, strikes the eye. Here you find the parties delivering judgment upon their own performances, prognosticating beauties which are rarely or never realised, and endeavouring to pique a bad curiosity by insinuating personalities, or hinting that the satire may perhaps be too pungent. We look for proof to the first Paper at hand upon our table, and here is, *bonâ fide*, the string of puffs. 1. A letter from "a Critical Judge" (viz. M. J. V. Douville, no doubt,) informs the editor, that his Grammar, just published, is the very best grammar extant; and he probably pays the clerk twenty or thirty shillings for receiving and printing this piece of intelligent correspondence. 2. There is not so admirable a charity in London as the Dispensary for the Cure of Cancerous Diseases; Mr. Farr, the respectable surgeon of so and so, superintends it, and has published so and so upon scrofula and cancer. Diseases of the eyes, the ears, the teeth, the toes, are brought into specific notice in a similar style, and the treatises upon each and their able writers formally introduced to the reader. 3. We are next informed, that *public curiosity continues to be greatly excited* (by such paragraphs we suppose) about the author of English Fashionables Abroad; and that Lady Normanby, Mrs. Wharton, Lady Blessington, &c., are severally suspected of the blue crime of having concocted these volumes: but that at any rate, whoever it is "has moved in the highest circles of *haut ton*!" 4. The interesting information which follows, is that the nearest road to Epsom is by Vauxhall Bridge. 5. Proceeding, though not by this road, we are favoured with a "report," which says that the accomplished sister of the Duke of Argyle is the author of Flirtation—that she has drawn (the book not yet having appeared) a sparkling picture of *high society*, particularly the *female part* of it—that Flirtation is full of severe reproofs and exposures of the foibles and vices which abound in the *world of fashion*. 6. The next paragraph is more reprehensible: it begins by suggesting that "personality is at present all the vogue in literature;" an assertion which is not only not true, but an insult to the literature of the present or any other time. It is surely a great mistake, besides, to imagine that such a stigma could recommend any book; yet it is fastened upon the very *Hyde Nugent* we have before us, and which is extremely innocent of the offence; though the paragraphist adds, that in it such and such characters are not of the most flattering description. 7. By some strange accident, a rumour has transpired, that Lord Kenyon has lent Dr. Philpotts the original MS. correspondence of the late King with Mr. Pitt, on the Catholic claims; and, stranger still! that they have already found their way into Mr. Murray's hands. 8. The Hon. Mr. de Roos, it seems, is to vindicate the title of the *Highest* classes to talent, by a narrative of his travels in America; and particularly by an eloquent and poetical account of the [high] falls of Niagara. 9. We have English Fashionables Abroad, again,

and are instructed that it contains sketches of speculating aunts, flirting daughters, and manœuvring mothers, which will startle some of our Anglo-Italians. 10. May Fair, it seems, is a satire: the author evidently one of the initiated. 11. Encore, May Fair is a satirical poem of *high life*; the author yet undiscovered; perhaps Lord Alvanley, perhaps Theodore Hook, perhaps T. Moore, perhaps Luttrell, perhaps Lord Gower—perhaps not. And upon all these suppositions the paragraph goes on to scan the abilities and criticise the pretensions of the several authors thus unceremoniously dragged forth. 12. The eternal visit to Nineveh, by Mr. Buckingham, the repetition of which reminds us of the poor old lady who was so sadly affected in church by the mention of Mesopotamia in the sermon, that she walked home suffused with tears, and blubbering out, "Oh, Mesopotamia, Mesopotamia! thou art a melting sound indeed." 13. Has crept in among bad company—it is the notice of an execution respited, and the behaviour of the culprit on the occasion. 14. *High Life*, (not with any reference to the foregoing escape from the gallows, but merely by the odd chance of juxtaposition), we are told, may fairly be considered as a *pendu*\* to the popular novel of Almack's, and "we are assured it does not proceed from the same author,"—an assurance as unnecessary as that peas do not grow on gooseberry bushes. 15. The forthcoming Tale of O'Neill, or the Rebel, is said to be founded on the history of an individual of *high birth*, &c.—it is by an eloquent and *passionate* writer, full of "his own spirit, his pathos," &c. &c. 16. The Dramatic Scenes by Miss Mitford, the admired author of *Our Village*, though not published a little month, are becoming one of the most deservedly popular works of the day: among the scenes, the writer of this paragraph acknowledges to "have been particularly struck" with so and so, though all reflect great credit on the genius, taste, and talent of the author. 17. Ben Nazir, the Saracen, has been utterly spoiled by Mr. Kean's substituting, throughout, his own language for the language of the author. We understand, however, that the public will soon be gratified by the publication of this tragedy. 18. We are informed that the *Literary Gazette* is to be prosecuted for speaking of that exquisite novel the *Guards* in a disrespectful manner. 19. and 20. The public are to be glad to learn, as the editor of the paper is, that Keys may be had to Almack's† and to Vivian Grey. 21. *High Life* has created a considerable sensation in the fashionable world. The author, we understand, is nearly related to an accomplished countess; her sketches and characters of persons in what is called the *great world* are drawn with peculiar accuracy. (Then, in another Paper.) "The lady so unwarrantably alluded to" "begs to disclaim the authorship:" and, on a later day, the ball is kept up by a statement, that, however "the intimation may have been misapplied, the popular novel of *High Life* is unquestionably the production of a lady of *high rank*, nearly allied to the *family* of a noble marquis."

Having thus adduced twenty-two specimens of the prevailing fashion (for we do not include the execution story) by which the attention of the public is solicited and attracted to novel-

\* The learned Theban means *pendant*, or we "will be hanged else."—*Ed.*

† As an example of what may be done by piquing public curiosity, will it be believed, that a sixpenny pamphlet was made of the *Literary Gazette* review of this novel, with the indication which it gave of some of the prominent characters (not to be mistaken) and that four or five thousand of it have been sold?

ties in literature—by which an itching inquisitiveness is tried to be kept alive respecting the works so spoken of—it will not be expected that we should reprobate the practice in very severe terms. We dislike it more for its weakness and silliness than for its vice; though in the latter point of view it cannot be contemplated without jealousy and censure. We are persuaded, that it seldom succeeds to any extent in serving an indifferent publication; and we are not only sure that good works do not need it, but that it injures them. It is not easy, perhaps, to hit upon precisely the correct medium for obtaining publicity. Amid the immense multitude of claimants who wish to procure notoriety, it is almost a necessary effect that every expedient should be resorted to in order to achieve that desired end, and that the efforts should lapse into an abuse, as this certainly is, of the legitimate business of announcement.\* But being once seen through and appreciated, we would say that those who can be deceived by it do not deserve to be pitied: their understandings must be obtuse indeed, and the trash which they will peruse as the reward of their facility is just as well for them to waste their time upon as the most delightful and valuable volumes that ever issued from the press.

We have noticed that the present mania manifests itself in novels purporting to be of *high life*, of fashion, of the upper circles and all the nummery and frippery of "*haut ton*;" and these, though insignificant enough, (as the topics they embrace must of necessity be insignificant), are not so hostile to the welfare of society, or subversive of morals, as the class of works with the mention of which we set out. They may therefore without much harm be suffered to flutter through their fleeting hour, and exhale themselves away into that oblivion which must immediately close over their brilliant and noisy nothingness. If they can divert an idle noon, it is all that can be expected from them; and they are only to be condemned with severity when they venture to outrage the sanctuaries of private life, and betray the confidence felt by every correct mind to be the recognised principle upon which the social system is maintained.

With regard to *Hyde Nugent* and *High Life*, we shall not trouble our readers. The former appears to us to be a common-place story; occasionally rather offensive to good taste, and always frivolous. The description of a Sunday evening (Vol. I. pages 118 *et seq.*) may be referred to as a sample of the first, and nearly every page of the three volumes as proof of the last. The latter is still inferior—in the lowest depth a lower. Such fashionable life as it delineates (paltry as all fashionable life is) never existed above the sphere of milliners' girls and spruce apprentices. It is a miserable attempt in the *high line*; and though we are sorry to perceive many new adventures of works of the same kind, we entertain a hope that the publication of such trumpery will not be persevered in.

O'Neill; or, the Rebel. Post 8vo. pp. 140. London, 1827. H. Colburn.

Our belief in the inherent nature of talent is one of those opinions on which all scepticism

\* To be known at all, it is absolutely demanded to advertise widely and at great cost: a heavy tax upon talent, and severely felt by many a fine and aspiring mind. Numerous are the effusions of genius and the labours of study which it strangles in their birth; and it is deeply to be lamented, that for the sake of raising any amount of revenue, such a means should be resorted to in a civilised and intellectual country.



seems strange. We allow the varieties of temper, of personal appearance, and also allow these to have been produced by no external effects: why is the mind alone to have no original likeness, and to be considered as moulded only by circumstances? There is no injustice in supposing that different minds have different gifts; or, if injustice you will have it, is it more unjust than the varieties of birth and fortune? Birth, fortune, and intellect, alike influence our destiny: why should there not be the same difference in one as the others? We must admit a peculiar organization is requisite for music; we see the child doing what years of study will scarcely enable the man to accomplish: there are some whose voices could never be tuned into sweet song, others from whose lips it is spontaneous as words: and, surely, confessing the primitive bent in one case, goes far to admit it in another. We do not mean to say perseverance will not do much, or that genius is so utterly divine as to need no other aid; but the great painter, the fine poet, the delicate musician, must have had the germs of after-fruit inherent from their birth. There must have been fire in the flint ere the pile could have been lighted; there must have been water in the lonely spring ere the river could have flowed. The volume before us is proof enough of our theory; evidently the work of impulse, not study—of imagination, not labour, the writer must have been born with the gift of poetry, or these pages would never have been written. A beautiful face has glanced across his vision; a fair scene seemed like a fairy landscape; some noble deed has awakened his emulation; some tale of wrong or sorrow called forth pity, and the feeling of the moment has been poured forth in song. It is a tale of the Irish rebellion, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald obviously the original of O'Neill. But the political character of the book we leave to the thousand and one who may choose to have opinions thereon—as after all, enthusiasm is the only political feeling for the bard. Of its poetical merits we have the following extracts to justify our high opinion.

*Sketch of the heroine—*

"Betroth'd to one long worshipp'd and enshrind  
In the velvet folds of that vestal shrine,  
Dreaming of years unwreck'd, and fate defied,  
With one dear treasure ever by her side—  
Pure—gentle—tender as the evening air,  
When something holy blends with Beauty there—  
While vague and voiceless through the light above,  
Moves the impalpable spirit of deep love,  
Lord Ullin's daughter sat!—and in her ear  
Came those low tones which maidens deem most dear,  
And o'er her young cheek's softest beauty stole  
And went, the blushes speeding from the soul—  
And oft from earth, all gullelessly she raised  
The eye o'er Love had o'er too wildly praised—  
The eye which would you like a star to gaze,  
And dream that worlds lay couch'd beneath its rays;  
And as you gazed your soft'ning spirit drew  
As from some holy fount a virtue from his hue.

"What tho' stern fate, which rarely scathes the young,  
Had o'er her path no lightest sorrow frown;  
Yet that soft heart from childhood's earliest years,  
Had looked onward and found the source of tears;  
The ravaged country and the cheerless shed,  
Went's breadless board and Death's despairing bed—  
'These had she known,—for she had balm for grief,  
And taught o'er Guilt the rapture of belief,  
And as through caves the sunbeam finds its way,  
And pours o'er gloom the gleam of the day;  
So to those secret sufferings of the poor,  
Which Wealth and Pride so rarely stoop to cure,  
—She came, and Anguish, of its shade beguiled,  
Caught the bright influence of her soul, and—smiled.

"Such scenes had temper'd with a pensive grace  
The maiden hush of that faultless face  
Had hung a sad and dreamlike spell upon  
The gliding music of her silver tone;  
And shaded the soft soul which loved to lie  
In the deep pines of that volum'd eye.  
Lone—thoughtful—tender—ever from her birth,  
Her heart had been too gentle for light mirth,  
Such are the thrones where Love too surely reigns,  
And turns his slightest chaplets into chains:

To them the world of others is as nought;  
They shrink from earth, and banquet on sweet thought,  
And passion grows their life: alas, for those  
Whom Rapture leaves too restless for repose—  
Who bind on reeds their hopes—their joys—their all,  
And idly chide the wild winds when they fall!

"Oh, happier far the wandering hearts which range  
From flower to flower with sweets in every change,  
Than they who link their very selves to one,  
Watch—hope—adore!—despair—and are undone!"

There is true and sad philosophy in the next remark.

"And they who knew his boyhood, wondering deem'd  
His soul had grown as callous as it seem'd.  
Perchance they err'd not!—with each year's decay  
Fades leaf by leaf the heart's young bloom away—  
The thoughts most cherished darken from the breast,  
And Virtue grows less beautiful!—we rest  
Not on ourselves, but on others—and we shroud  
The lofty thoughts too sacred for the crowd,  
And bend to their low level—till the long  
And gathering custom knits us with the throng.  
Passion—nor feeling—nor the purer springs  
Which move mankind to warm imaginings,  
Have aught in common—though faithful: we grow  
Too cold for rapture—too obtuse for woe.  
And still as years come o'er us, vainer seem  
Love's boyish hope and manhood's patriot dream:  
And still each day the spirit turns the more  
From thoughts and ties itself had sought before;  
Till to all other interests allous grown,  
It shrinks, and cramps, and grapples to its own."

"Who hath not felt that tyranny of mind,  
Which chafes if rugged, but subdues if kind?  
Slow but secure—which arms our inmost strength,  
Yet wrings its purpose from the soul at length!  
For who can aye resist, when those who press  
Are all we wish in this wide world to bless?  
Words may be met, but how canst thou reply  
To the mute lip and all-imporing eye?  
How aye resist the tenderness of tone,  
Which veils that wish to very custom grown,  
Which drops so faintly, yet with every day,  
Must wear some marble from the heart away?  
Or who can mark the never-chiding grief  
Refusal gives—yet aye deny relief?  
Who can? not thine—though faithful passion still  
Clasp'd thy young heart—not thine so stern a will!  
Sweet Ellen, no!—though doubly blank and drear  
Consent might make this barren world appear.  
Though Hope long cherish'd—'till it feeds on air—  
At such espousals wither'd up despair!  
Though dead to earth, and rooted to the past,  
Her soul resisted long—'till sunk at last,  
And strove to soothe remembrance into rest,  
By one pure hope to see a father blest.  
But day by day more feeble waxed her frame,  
And o'er her cheek the changeful hectic came;  
And though she strove beneath her father's eye  
To smile—the effort sadden'd to a sigh;  
And lone she sat long hours, and gazed at nought,  
Tracing past dreams and nursing feverish thought;  
And when she rose all lifelessly she went,  
Gone the light step that scarce the wild flower bent.  
And sleep alone rarely to her couch,—or gave  
Wild shapes of terror—visions of the grave,  
And sickness, weakness, death came o'er the breast  
Which half'd their omens—for they spoke of rest.  
And though she claim'd, when those new rites were  
named,  
A longer date—the blush'd not as she claim'd.  
She felt no maiden-shame nor woman-fear,  
Nor heard the comfort whisper'd in her ear.  
Alas! her only reason was the thought  
From which the food of bitter Hope was wrought,  
That the same feelings which in slow decay  
Frey'd at her heart and wither'd life away,  
Would guard the vows still link'd around the past,  
And keep her soul all faithful to the last."

The next is very characteristic.

"Gayer than all was heard the chieftain's voice,  
Scarce suited more to rouse than to rejoice;  
For he was versed in all the plant skill  
Which moulds the vulgar to a leader's will.  
Well did he know how wit the soul can seize,  
That dangerous art to govern while you please;  
How sin's quick seeds once sown will grow the best,  
Spring at the laugh and ripen with the jest.  
He leant along the board with joyous air,  
And plied the bowl and sped the revel there:  
Bright from his eye and bursting from his tongue,  
To life wild humour's warm creations sprung;  
And from their cups the fierce carousers quaff'd,  
Remorse forgot her sting, and Murder laugh'd."

One more, and we have done.

"Eternal air—and thou, my mother Earth,  
Hallowed by shade and silence—and the birth  
Of the young moon, (now watching o'er the sleep  
Of the dim mountains and the dreaming deep);  
And by yon star, heaven's eldest born—whose light  
Calls the first smile upon the cheek of Night;  
And beams and bodes, like Faith beyond the tomb,  
Life through the calm, and glory through the gloom—  
My mother Earth—and ye her loftier race,  
Midst whom my soul hath held its dwelling-place;

Rivers and rocks, and valleys, and ye shades  
Which sleep at noon-day o'er the haunted glades  
Made musical by waters, and the breeze;  
All idly dallying with the glowing trees;  
And songs of birds which, ever as they fly,  
Breathe soul and gladness to the summer sky;  
Ye courts of Nature, where aloof and lone  
She sits and reigns with darkness for her throne;  
Mysterious temples of the breathing God,  
If mid your night my earliest steps have trod;  
If, in mine inmost spirit still are stored  
The wild deep memories childhood most adored;  
If still amid the drought and waste of years,  
Ye hold the source of smiles and pangsless tears;  
Will ye not yet inspire me!—for my heart  
Beats low and languid—and this idle art  
Which I have summon'd for an idle end,  
Forsakes and flies me like a faithless friend.  
Are all your voices silent? I have made  
My home as erst amid your thickest shade:  
And even now your soft air from above  
Breathes on my temples like a sister's love.  
Ah! could it bring the freshness of the day  
When first my young heart linger'd o'er its lay:  
Fain would this wintry soul and frozen spring  
Recall one wind—one whisper from the Spring!"

There are, perhaps, many faults on which the critic may dwell—careless metre, incorrect passages—but still there is that deep vein of thought and feeling which make this, as we have stated our opinion to be, the work of a poet.

*Historical Inquiries respecting the Character of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor of England.* By the Hon. G. Agar Ellis. Crown 8vo. pp. 182. J. Murray.

It is a gratifying matter to all literary men to see an individual of Mr. Ellis's rank and talents—in a station liable to so many claims of a high and important cast, not to mention the temptations to pleasures of every kind so apt to engross the days and nights of rank and fortune—giving himself up to pursuits congenial with their own, and at once adorning his own character and that of his country, by able productions in literature like the present Inquiry, and the History of the Prisoner in the Iron Mask, so recently noticed in our pages.

It may, perhaps, at first sight appear a little hard, that after a person has been dead a century or two, an inquisition should be held upon him; and he should be deprived of the reputation with which contemporary writers and consecutive history had endowed his name. But truth is far above any other consideration; and it is a useful lesson to the living Great to know, that though they may impose upon the world for a season, posterity may be taught to estimate them truly at what they were worth. Lord Clarendon filled so large a space in our national annals, that the investigation of his public life involves the time in which he lived, and it will be found that Mr. Ellis's treatise is as valuable upon that ground as upon the question which it more particularly discusses. But much as we think of the author's temperate and yet forcible arguments, the subject is not one to seduce us into a long review, especially as the work itself is so small as to be readily within the compass of all who take an interest in such questions. We shall accordingly be very concise in our remarks.

Mr. Ellis accuses Clarendon of having been corrupt, and, in consequence, a great enemy to parliaments. He instances his impeachment, and adduces the opinion of Anthony A'Wood, the diary of Pepys, and the writings of Marvell and others, in support of this charge: we confess the circumstantial and direct evidence is very strong; but we should be inclined to say, that what in our time would decidedly be corruption in a minister, might not justly deserve that name in the age of Clarendon. The same observation applies to the question of the

Lord Chancellor's being an unconstitutional minister: it may be true that he was so, or it may be true in degree; but it is a common error to try men of other periods by a standard which has only existed within a few late years. The sale of Dunkirk seems to have been mainly his act, however, and it is scarcely possible to believe but that private advantage dictated this extraordinary proceeding. Public suspicion of the fact was very notorious, and Mr. Ellis states—

"When upon the subject of the sale of Dunkirk, it may not be amiss to notice the odium incurred by the chancellor in consequence of his erection of a palace in Piccadilly, the size and cost of which were entirely unsuited to his private fortune. This magnificent structure, which was begun some time after the sale of Dunkirk, occupied, together with its gardens, the site of Dover Street and Albemarle Street; and the centre of its front exactly answered to the top of St. James's Street, which it commanded. The grant of the ground Clarendon had obtained from the king. After the chancellor's disgrace it was sold to the Dukes of Albemarle. Christopher Monck, second duke of that name, sold it again to a builder, who pulled it down, and erected the before-mentioned streets on its site. The building cost £50,000, an enormous sum in those days. If we wish to have an idea of its magnificence, we must refer to Evelyn, an excellent judge of such matters, who thus speaks of it:—'I acknowledge to your lordship that I have never seen a nobler pile. It is, without hyperbolies, the best contrived, the most useful, graceful, and magnificent house in England.—I except not Audley End; which, though larger, and full of gaudy and barbarous ornament, does not gratify judicious spectators. As I said, my lord, here is state and use, solidity and beauty, most symmetrically combined together. Seriously, there is nothing abroad pleases me better; nothing at home approaches it.' Marvell, in the poem before adverted to, 'Clarendon's House-warming,' charges the chancellor with having received money and presents from various quarters to enable him to complete his mansion.

\* He lik'd the advice, and then soon it assay'd  
And presents crowd heading to give good example,  
So the bribes overlaid her that Rome once betray'd;  
The tribes never contributed so to the temple.

Straight judges, priests, bishops, true sons of the seal,  
Shamers, governors, farmers, bankers, patentees,  
Bring in the whole mite of a year at a meal,  
As the Cheddar Club's dairy to th' incorporate cheese.

By subsidies thus, both cleric and laic,  
And with matter profane cemented with holy,  
He finish'd at last his palace Mosaic,  
By a model more excellent than Lesly's folly.

The same author also has left us the following Epigram on Clarendon House:—

\* Here lie the sacred bones  
Of Paul beguiled of his stones:  
Here lie golden bribes,  
The price of ruin'd families;  
The Cavalier's debenture wall,  
Fix'd on an eccentric basis;  
Here's Dunkirk Town and Tangier Hall,  
The Queen's marriage and all  
The Dutchman's templum pacis.

The chancellor called it Clarendon House; but the malicious public affixed the name of *Dunkirk House* to it, as if it had been built with the money proceeding from the sale of that place. Others also called it *Holland House*, upon the supposition that the chancellor had received bribes from the Dutch. Whether Clarendon House was erected with French or Dutch money, or with both, it is impossible for us at this distance of time, with the slender evidence upon the subject we possess, to decide.

After, however, all that has been previously brought forward with respect to the corruption of the chancellor upon the subject of Dunkirk, the question of whether he erected his house with the money so received, is not of much importance in any way to either his fame or his character. If he received money from the sale of Dunkirk, (and we have seen very sufficient grounds to believe that such was the case), it is equally probable he did from the Dutch; and that he employed these means in erecting a mansion, which his own finances would not otherwise have allowed him to undertake, is also equally probable. But our belief in this must rest very mainly upon evidence as to his general character; as the chancellor himself must necessarily have been the only person who could exactly know from what source the funds were drawn with which he built his house."

Another of the charges brought against the chancellor is, that he was cruel and tyrannical; and the passing of the corporation, uniformity, and conventicle acts is, *inter alia*, insisted upon as decisive upon this point. The times were out of joint, and perhaps these were not the best measures to set them right; but how far the gravamen of the crime is brought home, we confess we are really unable to determine. Of the other matters adduced, we may briefly notice, that Clarendon's encouragement of attempts to assassinate Cromwell is placed beyond doubt; yet upon the whole the author thus sums up.

"Having said thus much upon the different points which it was my wish and intention to bring before the notice of the public, I deem it fair to add, that, though my decided conviction is that Clarendon was all that I have stated, I am by no means disposed to deny that he had merits: that in private life his conduct was good: that as a minister he was (as indeed I have before stated) more decent, and probably more conscientious than his successors: and that, in point of talents, he was one of the very first men of his age. These subjects, however, do not come in detail within the scope of my plan, narrowed, as it professed to be at the commencement of these pages, to the elucidation of particular circumstances in the life and character of the chancellor, hitherto but little noticed by his biographers. Thus have been laid before the reader the various authorities, facts, and statements of circumstantial evidence, which have led the author of these pages to the following conclusions:—That the strongest suspicions attach to the character of Lord Clarendon upon the score of rapacious and corrupt practices; and that it is evident, that such was the general opinion of his contemporaries. That his measures against the sectaries were of a most cruel and tyrannical nature. That various circumstances of different kinds favour very strongly the belief of his having been an unconstitutional, and in some respects, an unprincipled politician, whose religion was also, probably, more of a political kind than any thing else. And lastly, that his character has been unjustly favoured by historians from various motives—for party purposes; from pity for his subsequent misfortunes; from admiration of his talents, and especially of his historical work; and from a just dislike and contempt of his successors."

In conclusion, we have only to quote an anecdote found in these pages, and mention two points on which we do not exactly coincide with the estimable and esteemed writer.

The anecdote is as follows:—censuring Clarendon rather too seriously, as we think, for his

comparing the martyrdom of Charles to the crucifixion of our Saviour, Mr. Ellis says—

"The University of Oxford were guilty of a similar act of irreverence. They had two portraits made of Christ and of Charles I. exactly similar in every respect, and with an account of the sufferings of each at the bottom of his respective likeness. These pictures, in the memory of persons now alive, were hung as *pendants* to one another in the Bodleian Library. The improved taste of the present day has caused one to be moved into the Picture Gallery. The other remains in its old position—and thus both may still be examined by those who are curious in tracing the baseness and blasphemy of the supporters in old times of the doctrines of passive obedience."

Our dissent from the two positions to which we have alluded arises, 1. out of an expression when speaking of Bishop Burnet; and it is said, "He was a man of liberal principles and feelings, a great and rare merit in a bishop"—a taunt which we could have wished a man of Mr. Ellis's taste and knowledge of the world to have spared; and, 2. to a seeming inconsistency implied in the annexed passages. "It is certain that Charles, who was himself a Papist, was, generally, friendly to toleration, for the sake of his own sect." Nevertheless, it is asserted, "the Papists were peculiarly inimical to the Presbyterians—first, on account of old grudges; and, secondly, in the hope of turning away the attention and persecuting propensities of the nation from themselves." And Lord Clarendon and the rest of the bishops, together with most of the secret favourers of popery (who hoped, by turning public indignation against the Protestant sectaries, to direct it from their own religion,) were too strong," &c.

But without insisting on the apparent contradiction of the king's favouring sectaries for reasons beneficial to him as a Roman Catholic, and other Roman Catholics persecuting these sects for opposite reasons, we shall take our leave with commending this well-written and able volume to every friend of literary and historical inquiry.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, June 9.—The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's Prizes for the ensuing year: viz.—

For Latin Verse.—"Machina vi vaporis impulsæ."

For an English Essay.—"The domestic virtues and habits of the ancient Greeks and Romans compared with those of the more refined nations of modern Europe."

For a Latin Essay.—"Unde venit ut in artium liberalium studiis præstantissimus quisque apud singulas civitates eodem fere sæculo flourit?"

The first of the above subjects is intended for those gentlemen who, on the day appointed for sending the exercises to the Registrar of the University, shall not have exceeded four years; and the other two for such as shall have exceeded four, but not completed seven years, from the time of their matriculation.

Sir Roger Needgate's Prize.—For the best composition in English verse, not limited to fifty lines, by any undergraduate who, on the day above specified, shall not have exceeded four years from the time of his matriculation.—"Richard Cœur de Lion."

On Saturday, the 2d instant, being the last day of Easter Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—W. F. Audland, Taberard, Rev. J. Farlam, Queen's College; J. Menzies, R. Eden, Scholars of C. C. College; Hon. J. Boyle, Rev. J. Perkins, Rev. J. O. Hill, Christ Church; Rev. R. Watts, Lincoln College; J. H. H. Tuckfield, Oriel College; Rev. T. Jones, Wadham College.

Bachelors of Arts.—A. J. Ram, Oriel College, Grand Corporator; J. Trotman, D. M. Bourne, Scholar, G.

London, Worcester College; T. B. G. Moore, F. Jeune, Scholar, S. H. Parker, Pembroke College; R. D. Cartwright, Queen's College; E. Pollard, St. Edmund Hall; J. J. Kown, G. Pugh, Magdalen Hall; B. Leighton, A. G. Lethbridge, Christ Church; J. G. King, Brasenose College; T. Nixon, F. Flowers, Scholar, Lincoln College; W. Furton, Trinity College; S. B. Plummer, University College; W. Sewell, Merton College; F. R. Nixon, Fellow, F. Morgan, H. W. Madcock, St. John's College; T. W. Davison, F. B. Leonard, J. Gould, Wadham College; D. Hornon, Exeter College.

On Wednesday, the 6th instant, the first day of Act Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

*Doctor in Civil Law*.—Hon. A. Barrington, Fellow of All Souls', Grand Compounder.

*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. G. Cramer, Fellow of Lincoln College.

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. C. H. Tuckfield, Fellow of All Souls' College, Grand Compounder; Rev. J. A. Gabb, Jesus College, Grand Compounder; Rev. T. Pitman, Wadham College, Grand Compounder; Rev. C. P. Price, Scholar of Pembroke College; Rev. T. P. Pantin, Rev. A. Templeman, Queen's College; Rev. T. Lathbury, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. H. C. Knox, Magdalen Hall; Rev. R. Messiter, T. Medland, Scholar, Corpus Christi College; L. Purbrick, Christ Church; Rev. W. Serghon, Brasenose College; Rev. H. Cockerell, Trinity College; Rev. A. Bloxham, Scholar of Worcester College; T. Maude, University College; J. M. Calvert, Oriel College; Rev. T. Morgan, H. Griffith, Jesus College; G. G. Keke-wich, Exeter College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—F. Calvert, Student, M. G. Thoyts, U. T. Price, Christ Church, Grand Compounders; C. Holder, H. B. Thorold, Trinity College, Grand Compounders; J. Brown, Exeter College, Grand Compounder; T. Tyers, New College; C. G. Davies, J. Lingard, St. Mary Hall; H. K. Collinson, J. Maude, Michel Scholar, Queen's College; S. M. White, Edmund Hall; J. S. Avery, J. Towles, Magdalen Hall; J. C. Dowdswell, Hon. J. C. Talbot, Students, F. W. Lewis, E. W. Batchellor, Christ Church; T. Tolming, P. H. Lee, R. B. Home, Brasenose College; E. G. Ruddock, J. Nouaille, Trinity College; W. Griffith, Jesus College; W. Staunton, E. Steade, C. Fanshawe, Demy, Magdalen College; A. W. Gother, St. John's College; J. Windus, Exeter College.

CAMBRIDGE, June 9.—The Porson Prize (for the best translation of a passage from Shakespeare into Greek verse) was on Friday last adjudged to John Wordsworth, Scholar of Trinity College. Subject—*As You Like It*, Act III. Scene 3, beginning, "But do not so: I have," &c., and ending—"with truth and loyalty."

Sir William Browne's gold medals were on Friday last adjudged as follows:—

*Greek Ode*.—Wm. Selwyn, St. John's College.

*Latin Ode*.—Epigrams.—Christopher Wordsworth, Trinity College.

Subjects:—*Greek Ode*.—Sanctus his animal...  
Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cetera posset:  
Natus Homo est.

*Latin Ode*.—Iphigenia in Aulide.

*Epigrams*.—*Iladiakara, καθίσταται.*

The Greek ode, the Latin ode, and the epigrams, mentioned by the Vice-Chancellor as "having great merit, and to the authors of which permission is given to transcribe their exercises into the book containing the prize-compositions," were written severally by Wordsworth, sen. Trinity College; Selwyn, St. John's College; Hankinson, Corpus Christi College.

The Members' prizes of fifteen guineas each, to two Bachelors of Arts, for the encouragement of Latin prose composition, were on Tuesday last adjudged to Messrs. Richard Williamson and W. M. Heald, of Trinity College. Subject—*Homerus*.

The Members' prizes to undergraduates were yesterday adjudged to E. H. Fitzherbert and T. W. Pelle, of Trinity College. Subject—

*Græcis capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes  
Intulit agresti Latio.*

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY.

[Abridged from *Le Globe*.]

A SECOND edition has lately been published of the admirable "Annals of the Aldine Press; or History of the three Manutii, and their Editions. By A. A. Renouard." The lives

of the three Manutii, and the description of their writings and typographical labours, form one of the most interesting and brilliant pages in the literary history of the sixteenth century. The head of this celebrated house, Aldus the elder, devoted his fortune, his time, and almost his life, to the search for, and to the publication of, the master-pieces of antiquity. Although he was less ambitious than his son and grandson of the reputation of a writer, he is the glory of his name. Paul Manutius, more Ciceronian than his father, but a less ardent Hellenist, to his labours as a printer added a number of Latin philological works. Aldus the younger degenerated from his illustrious predecessors. A professor at Pisa, and afterwards at Rome; almost lost in the crowd of second-rate philologists who swarmed at the end of that century, he neglected the peculiar reputation which had devolved upon him from his father and grandfather; and in his hands perished that press, the celebrity of which alone casts a faint lustre over his writings. It is pitiable to behold the descendant of Aldus the elder give himself out for a magnifico, and endeavour, by changing several of the letters of the glorious name of his ancestor, to claim consanguinity with the Manucci, a noble Tuscan family!

Nothing can exceed the respect which the contemplation of the character, the perseverance, and the labours of Aldus the elder is calculated to produce. At that period, printing was not a trade. It required the union of great knowledge and profound erudition. After having in the first instance satisfied the most pressing demands of the time by the publication of bibles, psalteries, hour-books, &c. the art of printing had begun to comply with the ardent wishes of men of letters, and to publish those master-pieces of the ancient Latin authors, copies of which were the most accessible. Already had the Vandelinis, the Jansons, &c. printed Virgil, Plautus, Cicero, Seneca, and Pliny. Even Homer had appeared in Greek at Florence; but almost all the rest of that rich and magnificent Athenian literature which was soon to dazzle and delight Europe, was the exclusive enjoyment of certain rich amateurs, or of a few learned men, who, carried away by their ardour, had exchanged their patrimonies for one or two manuscripts. Aided by the purse of Alberto Pio, Prince of Carpi, Aldus conceived the generous design of printing all the Greek manuscripts which he could discover, and of giving more correct and cheaper editions of the Latin authors already published. He spared no pains in the attainment of this double object. He had to search, among the dust of libraries, in the Islands of Italy and Greece, and in the baggage of the refugees of Constantinople, for these rare remains of antiquity. And when, by dint of great labour and expense, he had collected five, six, or ten manuscripts of the same author, the greater part of them mutilated, and frequently illegible, he had to form from these divers texts, a single text, and that under great difficulties, and with much risk. Sometimes, in spite of their care, a temporary inattention or fatigue, made the most learned men fall into strange blunders. Thus it was that Francis d'Asola, Aldus's brother-in-law,

\* He was surnamed by Gab. Barri, *avis implumis et furax insignis*, a reproach which seems to have but too well deserved. A recent discovery by Messrs. Morelli and Renouard proves, that in 1564, Aldus the younger published and presented to the doge as his own, a book entitled "*Il perfetto gentiluomo*," which had been already printed at Venice in 1566, with the name of Fr. Sansovino, who had himself stolen it from a work by Bernardo Tomitano, the manuscript of which is in the Napi library!

printing for the first time the tragedies of Æschylus, apparently after a very bad copy, made but one piece of the beginning of the Agamemnon and the end of the Cœphoræ; and thereby reduced the seven tragedies of the poet to six. It is true that such mistakes are very rare in the productions of the Aldine press. The excellence of Aldus's texts, so highly esteemed by the learned men of the sixteenth century, although attacked by those of the seventeenth and eighteenth, has been again maintained by the most erudite scholars of the present day.

The enthusiasm which was occasioned by the almost simultaneous appearance of so many *chefs-d'œuvre*, may be easily conceived. In the comparatively short period of thirty years almost all the wonders of Greece and Rome were brought forth. The share of Aldus the elder in conferring this great public benefit was immense. To him the lover of literature is indebted for the publication, and perhaps for the preservation, of the texts of Sophocles, Euripides, Pindar, Aristophanes, Musæus, Aristotle, Plato, Iamblichus, Demosthenes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Pausanias, Strabo, Stephanus-Byzantinus, Julius-Pollux, and Athenæus; to which must be added parts of Hesiod, Theocritus, Plutarch, and Xenophon! With respect to the second part of his undertaking, which consisted of printing more correctly and more cheaply the Greek, Latin, and Italian works which had already been published, Aldus fulfilled it with no less zeal and success. Divining with singular sagacity the wants of the times, and gifted with inexhaustible industry, he was the first to print in the octavo form those works which until that time could be read only on the desk. Speedily, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Petrarch, Cicero, Homer, Sophocles, &c. were in all hands, and in every pocket. In order to compress so much matter into so small a space, Aldus availed himself of a character of which, it is said, the hand-writing of Petrarch had given him an idea; and which was called first from his own name, Aldino, and afterwards Italic. Our booksellers ought to be told that these octavo volumes of Aldus, so full and so correct, were sold at no more than three *marcelli*, not quite two shillings a-piece. The substitution of them for the heavy and expensive folios, produced a revolution no less happy in its literary and political results, than that which had occurred fifty years before from the substitution of printed books for manuscripts.

Such gigantic labours could not be performed by one man. The great merit of Aldus (as of all superior minds) was his skill in creating auxiliaries, and communicating to them his enthusiasm. His dedications, which are almost all of them addressed to his learned friends, shew that he was intimate with the most illustrious scholars of the day. These learned persons, who were principally Italians and Greeks, assembled in his house, and under his presidency; forming a society which they decorated with the name of Academy. They concerted with one another, on the selection of authors to publish, on the manuscripts that must be consulted, on the readings that ought to be preferred. The Italian members of this society had especially in view the improvement of themselves in the use of the Greek tongue; the only language permitted to be spoken, under the pain of a fine, in the *Neakademia*; as appears from the rule (*nomos*) found at Rome by Gaetano-Marini, and published by M. Renouard. The "Annals" contain the names of most of the members of this laborious society. Among the most remarkable were, P. Bembo,



afterwards a cardinal; Erasmus, who disdained to be one; Bolzani, the monk, the first who entertained the rational idea of writing a Greek grammar in Latin; that Andrew Navagero, who, yearly, in honour of Catullus, burnt a copy of Martial; P. Alcyonio, accused of having destroyed the only manuscript of Cicero's treatise *De Gloria*, for the purpose of enriching his own work on banishment; Marco Musuro, a learned Candiot, who, in his preface to Pausanias, remonstrated with the exclusive admirers of antiquity; and, lastly, Demetrius-Chalcondylas, the editor of the first edition of Homer.

The encouragement, more ostentatious than real, which governments at that time gave to letters, was so full of reserve and mistrust, that Aldus vainly solicited a diploma, for the purpose of converting into a fixed and regular establishment this fortuitous and precarious society. One of its members, Marco Musuro, even seems to have been appointed a censor of the works which issued from the Aldine press. A colleague of his complains bitterly of his interference; and he styles himself, in one of his prefaces, "Inspector, on the part of the Senate, of the Aldine press." On all that relates to the inquisition, to the censorship, to what is called on the continent in the present day the police of the press, M. Renouard's book is full of curious documents. Among them is a copy of a manuscript certificate, given at the Aldine house in 1596, of the censorship and examination of the *Demonomania*, which had been already three times printed; a previous formality required at that time with regard to all reprints. In M. Renouard's magnificent Aldine library is the sixth volume of Aristotle, containing Theophrastus, on which Canisio, a Jesuit, had the insolence to write: "Approbatum per R. P. Canisium." A laughable instance of singular delicacy is exhibited in the conduct of the Commissioners of the Inquisition, who expunged in a number of copies of the *Lucian* of 1503, the two treatises, *Philopatris*, and *De Morie Peregrini*, by writing on the preceding page their terrible *prohibitus*; a mutilation the more extraordinary, as they had passed over the licentious story of the *Ass*, and the infamous dialogue of the *Cupids*. Erasmus also underwent a very severe expurgation.

We cannot conclude without congratulating M. Renouard on having found leisure, amidst his other valuable labours, to compose and improve this interesting and excellent work; and as that gentleman is at present in London, we trust he will receive this notice as a public tribute to his industry, zeal, and learning.

## FINE ARTS.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 349.—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. Scene V. H. P. Briggs, A.—The scene chosen affords the artist an opportunity for great contrast both of form and expression, and Mr. Briggs has availed himself of it with his usual skill and judgment. The impassioned Juliet is depicted with an energy of feeling that few would have ventured on, yet it is perfectly in unison with her character. The flush of impatience is painted on her countenance, and the action throughout well accords with her agitated feelings. We do not consider the composition to be equally good. There are also several highly characteristic portraits by this artist. Are we to infer from them, that, let him paint never so well in his chosen department of art, to this employment "he must come at last?"

No. 329. *The Prince of Spain's Visit to Catalonia*. G. S. Newton.—No writings,

with the exception of Shakespeare's plays, have afforded our artists so many subjects for the pencil as *Gil Blas* and *Don Quixote*. In them are found narratives of humour, and sentiment, and scenes of display. In the present instance, Mr. Newton has successfully produced, from a circumstance of no great interest, a very elegant and pleasing composition.

No. 231. *Waterloo*. G. Jones, R. A.—The powers of this artist have been tasked so repeatedly with the glories of *Waterloo*, that it is wonderful they should not have been driven, like Buonaparte, out of the field. But it is not so; for we find him not only upon the alert, but successfully combating the difficulties of repeated representations: nor do we recollect in any of his former productions a more novel or interesting disposition of his characters, or a more striking effect of chiaro-scuro, than in this fine picture.

No. 222. *Scene from Mr. Poole's Comedy of Paul Pry; with Portraits of Madam Vestris, Miss P. Glover, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Liston*. G. Clint, A.—The merit of Mr. Clint, in the painting of Paul Pry, is deserving of every commendation, both for its truth and the skill of its execution; but there is great inequality in the other parts of the performance: neither the drawing nor the characters are in keeping with the principal figure; there is too much sacrificed to it.—Mr. Clint's *Portrait of Mr. Liston*, No. 360; and No. 45. *Portrait of Mr. Serjeant Frere, LL.D.* &c. by the same artist, are examples of a style at once chaste and efficient.

No. 552. *Portrait of the Marchioness Wellesley*. J. P. Davis.—A full-length of the present Vicequeen of Ireland. The face is extremely handsome, the figure dignified, and the whole effect graceful and impressive. The drapery, blue velvet, is painted with corresponding skill; and the general adjuncts of the picture are conceived and executed with decided intelligence and taste. But the artist has the strongest possible reason to complain of the *locale* which has been allotted to his work. Of its beauty and skill there can be no doubt, as that question is settled at the first glance, and the picture catches the eye at once, in spite of the most obvious injuries of position. We are fully aware of the difficulties to which the Committee, who hang the pictures, are subjected by the smallness of their space. But a moment's comparison of this portrait with a crowd of others for which they have found the most advantageous places, must authorise every feeling that we have on the occasion. The Royal Academy are entirely mistaken if they conceive that those things are calculated to add to the general respect of English Art for their body; and it is the duty of the public press to protect those artists who are unprotected by the guardian letters A. or R.A. We think that the Committee owe a very signal atonement to Mr. Davis for a conduct which, whether intentional or not, we know not how they can justify.

Indeed the number of portraits, independent of those by the members of the Academy, are, we think, in point of excellence, superior to any preceding exhibition; and though our limits prevent us from doing justice to their several merits; yet the works of West, Hobday, Bagg, Bone, Hurlestone, Bradley, Simpson, and Mrs. Pearson, have, in no ordinary degree, claims to attention.

No. 311. *Autumnal Morning*. F. R. Lee.—If we do not discover in this performance the entire effect intended by the artist, we cannot fail to observe in it, as in his former works,

not merely the elements, but the purest qualities of landscape composition.

No. 253. *The Christmas Present; or, Disappointment*. T. Lane.—A good picture may be admitted as an apology for a bad joke. Such is the present.

No. 260. *Market-Gardeners Loading*. W. F. Witherington.—We well remember a preceding picture of a similar subject by this artist, and we recognise in the present (if possible) a still higher reach of those qualities in art which have so eminently distinguished the compositions of one who is not even an Associate.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Views of Pompeii. Part I.* By William Light, Esq. J. Carpenter and Son.

COLONEL LIGHT's fine taste and artist-like skill are well known to the admirers of the arts. His present work, drawn on stone by Harding and others, will be at the same time acceptable to these and to the antiquary. It contains four interesting subjects from the unburied remains of Pompeii, viz. the Villa of Diomedes; part of the Street of the Tombs; the Inn; and the Circular Seat. They are, we doubt not, very faithful: the lithography does not strike us as being particularly distinct and clear.

*A Selection of Architectural and other Ornaments, &c.* By John Jenkins and W. Hosking, Architects. Part I. Same Publisher. FIVE lithographic prints constitute this work, of which a Part is promised every month or six weeks till the whole is completed. Travelling in Italy for improvement in their profession, the authors selected such fine specimens of Italian, Roman, and Greek ornaments as appeared to them most beautiful; and are thus, with very laudable feelings, communicating the results of their observation to their brethren at home. The engravings are very intelligible.

## MEDAL OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

A VERY ably struck medal of the Duke of Wellington has just been published by Mr. Parker. The likeness is excellent, and does great credit to the talents of Mr. Henning, who has very happily given it animation and truth. Had the hair been as well done, it would have been almost perfection. The reverse, by Henning, jun. is admirably executed. It represents his Grace on horseback (the horse standing on two legs), and a battle scene in the distance. Need we add, that Mr. Parker's series of distinguished men continues to merit every public patronage?

## SCULPTURE.

It gives us great satisfaction to state, that Mr. Lough, whose genius as a sculptor has more than once received the meed of our applause, is meeting with the patronage he so well merits. An exhibition of casts of his Milo, and Samson slaying the Philistines, was opened on Monday, in Maddox Street (not the Egyptian Hall, as we mentioned in error), and has since been visited by numbers of our highest nobility and distinguished amateurs. We were gratified by seeing many ladies of rank in the room admiring these noble specimens; and still more, to see, from a book on the table, that a number of casts had been ordered—of the Milo at eighty, and the Group at 50 guineas. The names of the Dukes of Wellington and Northumberland, Lord Egremont, Mr. Sotheby, were inscribed in this honourable list. We cannot now doubt but that the young artist will be set wisely and fairly adroit to pursue his brilliant career.

## ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

It is always with pleasure that we communicate to the public any act or event which must be viewed as nationally encouraging to the cultivation of the fine arts, and cheering to the labourers in our native school. To-day we enjoy this pleasure in a high degree, having to notice a very liberal and judicious proceeding of the Directors of the British Institution. Our readers are aware, that this body gave last year the sum of 600*l.* each to Messrs. Arnald and Drummond for two naval subjects which they painted for Greenwich Hospital. Following up so laudable a course, the Directors have recently commissioned two of our most distinguished and rising artists, Mr. Jones and Mr. Briggs, to paint severally a historical subject connected with the glories of our navy, also to be presented to Greenwich Hospital. This is the true way of promoting the interests of the arts. The subject assigned to Mr. Jones is the memorable visit of his late Majesty George III. to Lord Howe at Portsmouth, when he returned victorious from the battle of the 4th of June, 1794. His Majesty signalled the occasion by bestowing with his own hand a sword upon the conqueror. This striking event we are convinced Mr. Jones will illustrate in an able manner—so that his fame will be increased, and the choice of the Institution justified. Mr. Briggs has the action of Lord St. Vincent for his theme; and the particular circumstance is that splendid achievement when Admiral Nelson boarded one of the enemy's ships *over another*: likewise a stirring event, and well calculated for his manly and vigorous pencil.

A similar commission was, we believe, offered to Mr. Etty; but that eminent painter, whose modesty is equal to his talents, declined it, under the impression that he might fail, as such subjects did not suit the style to which he is most accustomed.

## NOBLE DEEDS OF WOMEN.

MR. DRUMMOND has opened an exhibition of his works in Soho Square: the most prominent of which are two subjects of considerable interest. One is an incident that took place after the battle of Waterloo, where a lady of distinction, accompanied by her female servant, is seen seeking the body of her husband among the dying and the dead. The other is the consternation of the French jailor on finding the wife of Lavalette instead of his prisoner. The latter, in particular, is skillfully treated; and we think it one of Mr. Drummond's best-coloured and most carefully executed pictures.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## MEMORY.

O MEMORY! thou lingering murmurer  
Within joy's broken shell!  
Why have I not, in losing all I loved,  
Lost thee as well? R. R.

## TIME'S CHANGES.

"But aye he looked back to the days of lang syne."  
By the side of his cheerful winter's hearth  
An old man sat with a tear-dimm'd eye;  
He took no heed of his children's mirth,  
But mournfully thought of the days gone by.  
Sadly he fix'd his sorrowing gaze  
Where his useless sword now rusting hung:  
A trophy of prouder, happier days,  
Whose memories yet around him clung.  
Though his nerveless arm could no longer  
wield,  
With a warrior's grasp, the conquering blade,

He had borne it so oft in the battle field,  
That it grieved him to see its lustre fade.

"Rest thou in peace! my trusty steel,"  
At length he said with a faltering tone;  
"Well does my time-worn spirit feel  
Its powers, like thine, have past and gone."

Great is the change that in thee I trace,  
Since first I girded thee on to my side;  
And for me!—the crutch has taken thy place,  
My weak and tottering steps to guide!"

The veteran paused in his pensive mood,  
Wrapp'd in the visions of former years—  
While his favourite son beside him stood,  
Mutely watching his falling tears.

But as soon as he saw the transient feeling,  
Like a shadowy cloud, from his brow depart,  
Then at his feet in silence kneeling,  
He press'd his hand to his throbbing heart.

A change in the old man's mind was wrought;  
And he said, as he look'd at his darling boy,  
"Do I speak of the griefs that years have  
brought,

And forget that they also have yielded joy?  
Oh! is it not sweet to be thus beguiled  
Of the pangs that embitter a long life's  
close,

By the tender cares of a duteous child,  
Who soothes so kindly a parent's woes?

Then wherefore should I, like one forsaken,  
For the vanished glories of youth repine;  
When the vigour that time from my arm has  
taken—

It has given, my noble boy, to thine?"

ROSA.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## THE LAW OF LIBEL: CRITICISM.

A CASE of vital importance to the press was tried in the Court of King's Bench on Tuesday before Lord Chief Justice Tenterden; and it was well, perhaps, for the defendant that it was not tried in the Court of Common Pleas before Lord Chief Justice Best, who seems to entertain very strong, and, as we think, completely gagging opinions upon questions of libel. The action alluded to was brought by Mr. Soane, the professor of architecture in the Royal Academy, against Mr. Charles Knight, the bookseller, in consequence of certain strictures upon Mr. Soane's architectural works, which appeared more than three years ago (April 1824) in No. IV. of Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*. The paper was entitled, "*On the Sixth, or Boeotian Order of Architecture*;" and, it must be acknowledged, handled the professor's style and erections with unsparing satire and severity. The jury, nevertheless, under the direction of the Court, found without a moment's hesitation a verdict for the defendant; thus vindicating the spirit and essence of our justly-boasted liberty of the press, which has of late been so villainously cramped and endangered by the proceedings of *qui tam*, rascally attorneys (bringing actions for the slightest causes, merely to pocket the heavy costs which the lowest verdict carries);—by the rigorous construction put upon loose or heedless expressions by lawyers and judges;—and by the inconsiderate adoption of such construction by juries, told that they have nothing to do with the consequences, but only to find for the law as they shall be directed. We cannot but rejoice to see this iniquitous and injurious practice receiving a check, and the sense of the country reviving not simply to the real demands of justice in such prosecutions, but to the infinitely more momentous interests of the

people, which are involved in every attempt to put down free discussion, and silence the honest expression of opinion in the only organs through which the public voice can be heard, and the public mind informed.

Were a censorship of the press to be enforced in England, it would bring on a revolution; and yet little jealousy has been felt while so many partial instances of oppression more grievous than a censorship have been perpetrated under the sanction of legality. The worst that can happen to a writer in France is, that he shall be forbidden to publish such an article; but in our country of perfect freedom, publishers are fined several hundred pounds should a low harpy practitioner think it a good speculation to try his job upon them for saying perhaps that a notorious cheat cheats, that a branded felon is an unfit teacher of youth, or for laughing at the respectability of a bailiff's officer. We trust, however, after the result of *Soane v. Knight*, never again to see a jury so weak as to betray its trust, and surrender the firmest bulwark of British liberties—the palladium of the press—by suffering itself to be dictated to in such a manner. It was indeed full time that legal technicalities, instead of over-ruling common sense and perverting justice, should be made subservient to both.

We are the more at ease in offering these remarks upon the present occasion, because the acknowledged talents and the high respectability of the prosecutor, render it impossible that they should be applied to him personally, or to the individual case in which he has appeared so little to his advantage: for we must state, that we consider this prosecution to have been very indiscreet,—resentful in its private, and unfair in its public principle. Mr. Soane might surely have been satisfied to rest his character as an artist upon his works. He needed not to have been as sore as a roguish dealer whom a breath of exposure was enough to blast. The architect of the Bank, of the Law Courts, and of the Government Offices, (some of them beautiful, though they are not faultless) had no excuse for retaining anger in his breast for three long years against the criticism of a magazine, however pungent and galling it might have been at the moment. But above all, on general grounds, we protest that the professor of architecture of the Royal Academy, whose whole lectures consist of criticisms upon the productions of others, was the last person in the world to have brought an action of this kind.

But it is not the merits or demerits of this particular case which have called forth our observations: it is the establishment of the important truth that juries will no longer allow themselves to be made the tools of knavish attorneys, leagued with detected impostors, or be induced to strain printed words to their utmost verge of meaning, and construe, with malignant interpretation, what is read by the world at large lightly and without such forced definitions, till the liberty of the press would be destroyed by the rigour of the law, and the periodical publications of Old England become as useless, inoperative, and contemptible, as their most despotic enemy could desire.

## DR. FRANCIA.

A VERY curious account of South America is about to be published by Messrs. Rengger and Longchamp, two physicians, members of the Helvetic Society of Natural Philosophy. The writer gives the following account of Dr. Francia, the dictator of Paraguay:—

"We landed at Assumption on the 30th of

July, 1819, and a few days afterwards were presented to the dictator. He is a man of the middle height, with regular features, fine black eyes (that characteristic of the Creoles of South America), and a penetrating, suspicious look. He wore that day his official dress; that is to say, a laced blue coat, the Spanish uniform of a brigadier, with white silk waistcoat, breeches, and stockings; and gold buckles in his shoes. This splendour was strangely contrasted by the half-naked appearance of his officers. Francia was at that time sixty-two years of age, but did not seem to be above fifty. With studied haughtiness he asked me several questions, evidently with a view to embarrass me; but he soon changed his tone. As I was opening my portfolio, in order to get the papers which it was necessary for me to present to him, he perceived a portrait of Buonaparte, which, aware of his admiration for the original, I had placed there purposely. He seized it, and contemplated it with great interest when he knew who it was. He then entered into a familiar conversation respecting the political affairs of Europe; on which subject he was better informed than I had expected. He asked for news of Spain; for which country he manifested the greatest contempt. Louis the Eighteenth's charter was not at all to his taste. He admired much more the military government and the conquests of Napoleon, whose fall he deplored. I remarked, that in speaking of the events of Napoleon's reign, he liked to dwell on those occurrences which appeared to have some resemblance to his own situation. He reproached us, as Swiss, for our sad campaign in 1815, by advertising to the fable of the kicks which a certain other animal gave to the dying lion. But the monks were the principal subject of his conversation. He accused them of pride, moral depravity, and every kind of intrigue; and loudly complained of the tendency of the clergy in general to shake off the authority of the government. Foreseeing the return in Europe of fanaticism and superstition, he insisted on the absolute necessity of destroying the monkish spirit in America ere it became infected with this new contagion. In speaking of the emancipation of Spanish America, he declared his devotion to the cause, and his firm resolution to defend it against all assailants. The ideas which he expressed with respect to the manner of governing these new states, so little advanced in civilisation, appeared to me to be just enough; but, unhappily, he did not apply any of them in his own practice!—"He has always arms within his reach. Pistols are hung on the walls, or placed by his side on the table; and sabres, generally unsheathed, are in every corner. Great precautions are used in the etiquette prescribed for audiences. When any one is admitted, he must not approach within six paces of the director, unless a sign be made to him to advance; and he must extend his arms, and open his hands, to shew that he has no weapon. Even his own officers dare not present themselves with swords by their sides."—"When the director is attacked with hypochondria, he either shuts himself up for several days without meddling with business, or discharges his ill-humour upon all who surround him; pouring forth menaces and abuse against his enemies, real, or supposed. In these moments he orders arrests, and the most severe punishments. The infliction of death is at such a time quite a trifle to him. The north-west wind generally affects him in this manner; while, on the contrary, when it blows from the south-west he is better disposed. But, however variable in his temper, there is one

valuable quality to which he is constant,—disinterestedness. His personal expenses are most liberal; and he will never accept any present. If he meets with any of the friends of his youthful days who are in distress, he always succours them. But he remembers neither benefit nor service; he cares for neither relations, friends, nor dependents, the moment that he fancies any attempt is making to resist his authority, or any deficiency is shewn in personal respect to him."—*French Journals.*

#### SIGHTS OF LONDON.

THE Ican Dugong is a curious skeleton shewn in Leicester Square, as that of a mermaid of the Eastern Seas. There is something problematical about all mermaids, and the very name of "woman-fish" renders us dubious. A creature of this kind, however, having been mentioned a century ago, and more recently spoken of by Sir S. Raffles, we are inclined to receive it as probable that these are the veritable bones of a veritable Ican Dugong. In this point of view they are interesting to the physiologist, anatomist, and man of science; but we fear that, for the vulgar, they are hardly worth the risk and expense of exhibition. Sir Everard Home, we are told, vouches for the remarkable character of their structure, and even hypothesises upon it: but for our parts we do not like the transverse tail into which the phalanges send no fibres; and we were, while examining the thing, very much inclined to exclaim from a famous author—"O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!" In short, we doubt the reality of the skeleton; and if real, we are sure that it has been tampered with so as to hurt the truth.

#### DRAMA.

##### KING'S THEATRE.

THE opera of *Maria Stuart* has been repeated twice since its production for the benefit of Madame Pasta. The music, as is generally the case, improves upon acquaintance; but it is still greatly inferior to that which we have been accustomed to hear at this house. It is hardly fair to estimate it by the brilliant productions of Rossini, though, at the same time, we did not expect to find that the composition of Coccia would so little bear comparison with even the works of Mercadante, Spontini, or Pacini. Though the overture to *Maria Stuart* has evidently been concocted with great labour and endeavour at effect, the result is a decided failure. Every instrument in the orchestra is, indeed, put into active requisition, and there is, consequently, much noise; but the phrases are unconnected; the rhythm is crude and abrupt; there is no flow or unity of design; and the few melodious passages which are perceptible in the composition are not the property of the writer. Had he called his overture a cento, or a collection of reminiscences, he would have given it a correct name; but even then, it might have been objected that the selection was a dull one. We must, however, in justice to the composer, admit that the overture is not the best thing in the opera: some of the concerted vocal pieces are ingenious in their construction, as specimens of counterpoint, even if they are common-place in their subject matter. We have no doubt they would look well in score; but this is not enough; for although skilful contrivances in combination and harmony are necessary to excellence in a musical work, yet the faculty of *invention*, which is chiefly demonstrated in *melody*, is equally indispensable; and, accordingly, the greatest

masters have been as much distinguished by the beauty, originality, and variety of their *airs* or themes, as they have been by their theoretical science.

The quintett in the first act, *Pensier di Morte*, is an interesting movement; and had it been original, would have deserved the utmost praise; it is, however, well adapted to the situation, and that is something. The passage by which it is introduced, where *Burleigh* demands sentence of death on the unfortunate *Mary*, is also characterised by dramatic fitness; but it is a plagiarism, almost note for note, from the withering denunciation of the *Spectre* in *Don Giovanni*. The first air of Madame Pasta,

"Ah, sfoghi il fato  
In me lo sdegno!"

struck us as being the most novel thing in the whole performance, and certainly nothing could be executed with more touching grace of sentiment and vocal excellence. On the *finale* to the first act, it cannot be denied that much care has been bestowed, and that it is occasionally felicitous. A good effect is also produced in the quartett in the second act, where, while *Mary* and *Leicester* are warbling their loves, the malignant *Burleigh* is, with *Mortimer*, standing at the back of the stage, uttering his denunciations in recitative, and thus supplying a bass to the harmony; but this, striking as it is, does not originate with Signor Coccia. It is an adaptation of Handel's idea in his trio, in *Acis and Galatea*,

"The flocks shall leave the fountains!"

and the rage of *Burleigh*, like that of *Polyphemus* in Handel, is unheard by the lovers, who go on uninterruptedly in their happy strain.

The fable of *Maria Stuart* is more dramatic in its situations than is generally the case in the operas of this theatre; but for this we are indebted to Schiller, whose tragedy on the same subject has furnished many hints to the Italian writer. It is seldom that we find any *poetry* in these operas; but the following passage, enunciated as it was by Pasta, struck us as being very beautiful:—

"Oh mira! dove  
Sorgon que' bigli monti, lvi è la dolce  
Mia Scizia: e questo nubi  
Che discendon di li, for' han veduta  
De' miei padri la reggia!"

The acting and singing of Madame Pasta were triumphant. From her first appearance to her final exit, she seemed to be fully identified with the character she had to represent, and her whole demeanour was that of one who had long ceased even to hope. In her first interview with *Elizabeth*, where, after her heart-breaking appeal to the generosity of her oppressor, she is taunted and insulted, she assumes, indeed, the dignity and proud resentment of a queen; but it is only for a moment, after which her sorrows again overwhelm her, and every subsequent look and action are those of a martyr. The last act is affecting to the utmost degree. It is entirely occupied by the melancholy preparations for the execution of the sentence on *Mary*. Her farewell to her weeping friends and attendants, is given by Pasta in a style of the purest dramatic pathos, and can never be forgotten by those who have once witnessed it; and her final interview with *Leicester* is appalling. Indeed, this highly-gifted actress has been seldom seen to greater

\* Thus rendered in the book sold at the Theatre:

"Ah! see where towers  
Yon mountain-summits: there lies my own dear,  
My much-loved Scotland: and yon clouds that roll  
From out the north, perchance have viewed  
The palace of my fathers!"



advantage than in the character of *Maria Stuart*.

Of the other performers, Galli, in the part of *Burleigh*, was the best. Curioni made but a tame lover; and Madame Puzzi, as the haughty English Queen, seemed not to exult over *Mary*, but actually to shrink before her energy.

The house has been crowded to excess every night of the performance of this opera. The success of the season altogether seems to have occasioned some active competition for the concern next year. A respectable bookseller, of Bond Street, a neighbour of the present lessee, has made, we hear, a considerable offer to the proprietors; and, we understand, it has occurred to Monsieur Louis Eustache Ude, that a speculation in opera management would be a good method of employing the capital he has realised by his culinary profession. We believe, however, that the concern will remain in the same hands in which it is at present vested, and by which it has this year been so actively conducted.

THE Haymarket opened last night with Paul Pry and other entertainments. We are glad to see our old and worthy favourite restored to us on these boards.

FRENCH THEATRE.—Mademoiselle Georges has been playing with great effect at the West London Theatre; but she is very indifferently supported by the rest of the company; and the recent raising of the prices has contributed to render the audiences "thinner."

#### VARIETIES.

*Rams*.—There has lately been in the neighbourhood of Paris a great sale of Nubian and Abyssinian rams, the property of the Countess du Cayla, who has for some years been making unremitting and patriotic efforts to improve the breed of sheep in France.

*Horticultural Fete*.—The grand fete to be given at the garden of the Horticultural Society on the 23d, bids fair to be, if the weather favours it, one of the most splendid things of the kind ever produced near the metropolis.

*Improvements of London*.—Among the improvements of London we lament to see that they are destroying the fine Screen of the Admiralty to make a carriage sweep. It is very hard, while bad taste is elevating architectural follies in every direction, to see what good taste has done in former days thus swept away and destroyed.

*Lord Weymouth's Pictures*.—This collection, containing many curious and some good pictures, has been during the week open to inspection at Mr. Phillip's rooms in Bond Street. On Monday it comes under his hammer: there are several hundred lots, and almost every variety of style and school.

*Voyage of Discovery*.—Letters have been received announcing the arrival at Port Jackson, in December last, of the French expedition of discovery under Captain D'Urville.

*Miss Wright*.—Letters have been received, dated 26th of February, from this lady, who, it is well known, is endeavouring to form an establishment in America for the abolition of slavery. She was gradually recovering from a severe attack of illness; and speaks in terms of great hope of the ultimate success of her enterprise.

*The Magnetic Needle*.—It was sometime ago stated, as the result of observations made by the Academy of St. Petersburg, that in that city the magnetic needle exhibited

no variations. The fact was doubted, and it was supposed that this reported anomaly arose from the defective mobility of the instruments that had been employed. Recent observations prove that such was the case; and that diurnal variations of the needle occur in St. Petersburg just the same as elsewhere.

*Udeana*.—A fortnight ago we gave the lamentation of M. Ude, the celebrated French cook, over H.R.H. the Duke of York. When the duke was dying, the Bishop of London waited on H.R.H.: on hearing of this, M. Ude said, "Ah, I teach long time de prince to live well—I leave it to Monsieur l'Evêque to teach him how to die."

When the Junior United Service Club was forming, M. Ude, who was cook to the other club, said, "Dis club cannot last—dere is but one Ude in de world, parli!"

M. Ude was once cook to the Earl of Sefton, and quitted his lordship merely because one of the guests put pepper into his soup. "Milor," said the enraged artist, "c'est un affront to suppose my soup can want pepper."

M. Ude on seeing pepper and salt on a certain nobleman's table, said, "Ah, milor has a bad cook—de cook ne vaut rien when de dishes want pepper and salt."

*Carriages*.—A new carriage has been invented at Paris, which it is exceedingly difficult to overturn. When any one of the wheels meets with an obstacle, it is raised up by itself, and the body of the carriage remains firmly on the three remaining wheels. The inventor (whose name is Van-Hoorick) has obtained a patent for this useful invention.

*Swiss Antiquities*.—Antiquities have been much neglected in Switzerland, but are now likely to be explored and studied with greater assiduity. Some fine mosaics having recently been found in the canton of Freyburg, a society has been formed, the attention of which is to be directed to the further examination of these ancient Roman remains. A museum is to be established, and all the produce of the excavations to be deposited there.

*Double Stars*.—Professor Struvel, of Dorpat, in a recent pamphlet, enumerates no fewer than 3063 double stars in the northern hemisphere alone; having by means of the great refracting telescope by Fraunhofer, increased his knowledge to that number from 440, which were all he had observed two years ago. He further states, that some of the stars are more than double.

*Hyena's Cave*.—In the fissure in a rock at Boughton Hall, near Maidstone, a discovery has lately been made of diluvian bones of the hyena, horse, and rat, similar to those at Kirkdale. It is probable that the excavation will be further explored, and the true nature of these remains more satisfactorily ascertained than has hitherto been done, though Professor Buckland and other scientific men have visited the place and examined the bones already dug out.

*A Steam Boat in the Sixteenth Century*.—In a collection of documents relating to the Spanish Marine, published by M. Fernandez Navarrete at Madrid, mention is made of an experiment by Captain Blasco de Garay, at the command of the Emperor Charles V., to navigate by steam so long ago as the year 1543. It consisted of a machine which should impel a ship rapidly without helm or sails. A ship of 200 tons, loaded with corn in the harbour of Barcelona, was chosen for the trial. The machine is described to have been composed of a vast cylinder full of water, and of two large wheels fixed outwardly to the sides of the

vessel. The Chief Minister was called upon to give his opinion regarding the utility of the invention, and he decided against it, because the cylinders, he said, were liable to explode, and because the vessel sailed very slowly—at the rate of a mile and a half in an hour. It was therefore relinquished; but the emperor is reported to have allowed the artist a pension of 40,000 maravedis, and to have paid all the expenses incurred.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We hear with great pleasure (as we are sure the announcement will be received with welcome, that even during his labours on the *Life of Napoleon*, Sir Walter Scott has made the *Chronicles of the Canongate* a relaxation from the fatigue of history! This novel will, we have reason to believe, appear so early as October; and about the same time, another new work from the same hand, entitled *Tales of a Grandfather*; being stories from the History of Scotland. This is to be in three very new volumes, as the Scots-folks say, and is intended for the little grandson of the distinguished author.

Mr. Pennie, the author of several poems of very considerable merit, has in the press another volume, called *Tale of Modern Giant*; as he has himself had much to struggle with, we anticipate a stirring picture from this title.

It has been erroneously stated in some of the newspapers, that Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon* will extend to Twelve Volumes; on the contrary, Nine Volumes will complete the work, which will positively be published on the 30th inst. by Messrs. Longman and Co. On the same day, we purpose publishing a double Number of the *Literary Gazette*, in order that we may give our readers an ample account of this work, and some other articles of considerable interest.

Mr. John Timbs has in the press a volume of *Camelion Sketches*; he is also preparing for the press, *Historical Notes of Reigate*, in Surrey, uniform with his *Picturesque Promenade* round Dorking.

A new edition of *Anacreon*, by Dr. Broderick Roche, with copious Variorum Notes, is nearly ready for publication; containing the Greek text, an English metrical version, and a literal translation in prose, for the use of students.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

O'Driscoll's History of Ireland, 2 vols. 8vo. 12. 4s. bds.—Owain Goch, by the Author of the *Cavalier*, 3 vols. 12mo. 12. 4s. bds.—Yates on the Currency, 8vo. 5s. bds.—O'Neill; or, the Rebel, crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Woolrych's Life of Judge Jeffreys, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Godwin's Commonwealth, Vol. III. 8vo. 10s. bds.—Burke and Leland's Correspondence, 8vo. 8s. bds.—The Lettre de Cachet, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Belcher's Scripture Narratives, Vol. II. 12mo. 4s. bds.—Mann on the Atonement, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Henderson's Biblical Criticism, 12mo. 4s. bds.—March's Life of Christ, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Stanley's Compendium of the Modern Art of Fiddling, post 8vo. 10s. bds.—Alexander's Shilgar's Name's v. Velard, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Guesses at Truth, 2 vols. 8vo. 16s. bds.—Brown's Ornithology, No. I. imp. 4to. 15s.; atlas 4to. 15s.—The Annual Peerage, 2 vols. 12mo. 12. French bds.—The Quarterly Papers, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Danby's Ideas and Realities, 8vo. 10s. bds.—Edgeworth's Little Plays, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Griffith's Indian Scenery, Plate III. imp. 4to. 5s. 3d.—Griffith's Prosodial Lexicon, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Brown's Jew, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Bather's Sermons, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Boy's Captivity in France, post 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Smith's New Companion to Roads of England, royal 12mo. 9s. sheep.—More Mornings at Bow Street, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Wolcott on Corporations, 8vo. 10s. bds.—Robinson's Magistrate's Assistant, Vol. II. 8vo. 10s. bds.—Jewett's Muse Solitaria.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 7	From 43. to 60.	29.95 to 29.92
Friday... 8	— 34. — 68.	30.06 — 30.17
Saturday... 9	— 38. — 72.	30.18 — 30.19
Sunday... 10	— 46. — 72.	30.19 — 30.14
Monday... 11	— 41. — 72.	30.04 — 30.04
Tuesday... 12	— 44. — 74.	30.04 — Stat.
Wednesday 13	— 46. — 76.	30.04 — 29.5

Wind variable, N. prevailing. Since the 7th, when a little rain fell, a change, favourable for hay-making, has taken place, which has generally commenced.

Rain fallen .075 of an inch.

Edinburgh. CHARLES H. ADAMS.  
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Declined.—F.; Double X. We never copy the opinions of any other journal;—our answer respecting the Tyrolean Singers.

Will the writer of the memoir of Mr. Gifford enable us to correspond with him?

We are again obliged to postpone Mr. Millington's Lectures: Observations on the Failure of the Thames Tunnel; Address to the Royal Society of Literature; Vauxhall Charges; and other articles.

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